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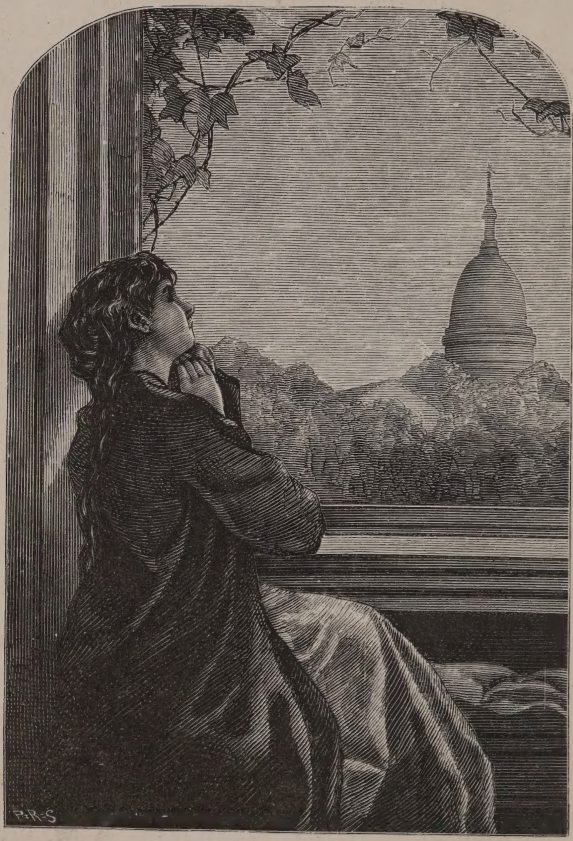

There was the great Dome of the Capitol.

Italian Girl. FRONTISPIECE. See page 168.

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THE

ITALIAN GIRL;

OR,

THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMETH THE WORLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"BROKEN IDOLS" AND "BEARING OUR BURDENS."

[Mary Webster McLain]

"For whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN v. 4.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In this story of Susette, the daughter of the Italian organ-grinder of Washington (which is not all a tale), the reader will find good lessons pleasingly conveyed. Whilst his sympathies will be awakened for the strangers in a strange land—for the Italian parents and children, the little Florence and Pedro, and Carlo, and Jocko, their cherished monkey—he will also learn by the history of Susette the vital truth that "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." The value of the Sabbath-school in leading the teacher to visit the home of the scholar is also here well brought to light.

J. W. D.

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"*In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them and carried them all the days of old.*"—ISAIAH lxiii. 9.

THE ITALIAN GIRL.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD HOME.

"Found herself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till she felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness."

"WELL, it is no use waiting for papa any longer to-night," said a disconsolate little voice. "He must have forgotten me, and gone home some other way, though I told him I would sit here on the steps and wait till he came. He said he would come through the grounds to-night and meet me."

"Perhaps he did not go down to the navy-yard, Susette; he may have gone some other way."

"No, Florence; papa said early this morn-

ing that he was going to try down by the navy-yard—that he had been up toward the President's House so often that he thought they would be tired of him and know all his tunes by heart. So he was going to take the organ in another place to-day, where it would be newer, and see if he could not make some more money."

"If he makes more money, shall we have enough to eat, Susette?"

"Yes, I hope so, Florence; we had enough to eat when we lived in New York. But oh, Florence, before you were born, when we lived in our own beautiful land, we were so happy. We were great people, then; papa did not have to walk about the streets with an organ and a monkey, and mamma did not have to do people's sewing for them."

"Were we princes?" asked Florence, with an eager voice, for though she had often heard it before, it was always new to her when Susette told her about their old home in beautiful Italy.

"No," answered Susette; "I do not believe we were princes, but we were great people. We had a little house all covered with vines, and we had a big yard with a vineyard, and mamma did nothing all day but play with us and take care of the house. And we had so much to eat that we never were hungry. Then on Sunday we used to always have such good times dancing and playing."

"Then what made them come over here, where we have nothing nice but the monkey, and he is cross and bites us sometimes: what made them come?"

"I don't know, Florence," said Susette, sadly. "I was so young they did not tell me. I heard them talking about everybody being a prince over here, and that they would grow so rich at once and live in splendid palaces, and that we children could go to school and be so smart, and everything splendid and good was over here. Then our animals were sent away and sold; and they com-

menced putting some of our furniture into big boxes; then people came and took away some of it; and our pretty house was all empty and desolate; and all our friends came to see us, and they were weeping and crying at our going away."

"Did mamma cry, Susette?" asked Florence, for the fiftieth time.

"Yes, mamma sat with little Paulo in her arms crying—crying all the time."

"But papa wouldn't cry!" exclaimed the child, forestalling the story in her eagerness.

"No, poor papa would not cry, but he looked very unhappy; and I saw him go into the room where we all used to sit on holidays, and where we kept our beautiful furniture, though it was all bare and empty now, and throw himself down on one of the big boxes, and wring his hands, and say, 'Oh what made me do this—what made me? All my heartstrings are bound around this place—the home where I brought my young bride, where all my children have been born, and

where I was born before them, and we will never see it any more:' then he looked so unhappy. Presently, he went back where the rest of the people were, and—he did not know that I saw him—then he said to mamma, 'Come, come, wife, we are going to the great land of promise, where we shall all be princes; don't give way so at parting from this little house; we will have one, when we get there, four times as large. Friends, you had better go with us to this great land than stay here delving on in the same old way. Come on with us."

"And did they come?" asked Florence.

"Some of them came afterward, but they are scattered all about so that we cannot find them."

"Then what happened after they cried?"

"We went a great way, and got into a big ship on the water, and then they cried some more, and we went off. There were ever so many people on the ship—so many men, women and children—and we did not have any

room hardly; oh it was so dreadful, and some of the children fought us. Then we children were taken sick; I was not very sick, but Florence and Paulo were so sick, and they died, and the men took them and tied them up in bundles, and put something heavy in the bundle, then dropped them overboard and they went right down so;" and she raised her hand and let it drop heavily in her lap. "One died one day, and one the next: when Florence died, mamma cried worse than ever, and said that the blessed Virgin was angry with her for coming away from her own country; and she did nothing but cry. But when Paulo died the next day, then she began to laugh, and said we all were going now; and she said to me, 'It will be your turn next; you will be thrown overboard to feed the fishes. Oh the fishes will be fat, fed on my little Italians!' Then I cried, and said I did not want to be wrapped up with something heavy and thrown into the water; then she laughed at me, and said I was

proud, and asked me if I thought I was so much better than Florence and Paulo that I should not also go to the fishes when they had eaten up the children, and if I said anything more she would throw me to them at once."

"But she did not do it, did she?" tearfully asked Florence, quite excited by the story of Susette's danger.

"No, she did not do it," answered Susette. "Some of the women who had been kind to us saw how frightened I was, and they came and took me away and put mother to bed. I heard them say that she was crazy—that the children's dying that way, so near together, made her lose her mind. So they kept me away from her. Carlo and I played with the other children. Then one day the same women came and told me that I had a little sister named Florence."

"That was me, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that was you, though I did not know they meant you; I thought they meant my other sister Florence. So I said, 'No, I

haven't a sister Florence; the fishes eat her.' Then they told me it was another Florence, a little bit of a one, and that mamma wanted to see me. I said I was afraid to go near her, she would throw me to the fishes: then they said that she would not, she loved me now, and wanted to show me the baby. After a while I stopped being frightened and went to where she was lying; she was smiling, and said to me,

"'My good little Susette, come and kiss mamma, and look at the nice little baby the Virgin sent us.'

"And I said, 'Are you going to give me to the fishes, mamma?'

"She said, 'No, little darling, I am not; mamma did not mean that when she said it; she was sick, and did not know what she was saying. Forget it, for your mamma loves her large daughter and wants her to learn to take care of the baby.'

"Then I sat down and looked at you. And they laid you in my lap, and told me to sit

still; so you lay there and made little red faces, and screwed up your little red hands, and looked so funny it made me laugh. Then mamma and papa laughed, and we were so happy again."

"Was I pretty then?"

"No, you were not a bit pretty; you were very ugly."

Florence looked a little abashed, but said,

"Well, I am pretty now, any way; I hear people say so ever so often."

"Yes," said Susette, "you are pretty now, but you were not then, but it did not make much difference; you made us all so happy that it did not make much matter whether you were ugly or pretty; and we kept happy for a long time, till we reached New York, and instead of finding a palace waiting for us, we were all packed into one room; it was worse than on board ship, for there we had plenty of sky and air on deck. But here we were in the fourth story of a rickety old house; and everything smelt so bad, and was

so dirty! We had never had dirt in our lovely home in Tuscany, but we had to get used to it."

"Yes, I can remember in New York it was not nice, except the time we lived near the water; that was splendid."

"Yes, we were better off at Staten Island; mamma had plenty of nice, pretty sewing to do, and papa had good wages in the machine-shop. But something happened to the owner of the shop, and the men were turned off, and poor papa could not get any more work to do, so he came down here to Washington. And we have been getting on worse and worse ever since."

"But this is better than New York, Susette; we have so much more room."

"The only thing I liked New York for was, that I could go to school there; and I learnt to read. I don't know what I would have done all this time if it had not been for reading. I wish I had more books to read. We are better off here for having these beau-

tiful Capitol grounds to play in and this lovely Capitol to see."

"You don't feel much like playing when you don't have enough to eat," said Florence. "I am very hungry; don't let us wait for papa any longer; maybe mamma will have something to eat."

"Well, then, we will go, but I did hope that papa would come. I wanted to go home with him and hear the music. For though he is used to something better than grinding an organ, he says, I love to hear the music."

"Come on, sister," urged Florence; "you stay so long."

"I hate to leave here, Florence; I like to be near this beautiful Capitol; it somehow makes me feel happier. But I must go, I suppose;" and the two children rose up from the steps of the east front of the Capitol, where they had been sitting, and turned to go. Susette, after walking off a few steps, turned around and made a low bow to the building, saying with a smile,

"Good-night, dear old Capitol; I love you very much, but I cannot stay with you any longer to-night."

"How foolish you are about the Capitol, Susette! I don't care for it a bit."

"You don't remember our Italy, Florence. Somehow this reminds me of it more than anything else."

"Well, for my part, I am tired of seeing that man sitting over there holding out his hand for the ball which this other man is going to throw him. I wish he would throw it and have done. I know their arms must ache being held out so."

"Oh no, they are only stone; it doesn't hurt them."

"You try it; they have been so for a year, ever since we came here, and I know they are tired."

And so talking, the two children plodded along toward their home, which was in a wretchedly-built part of the city, just west of the Capitol grounds.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW PATH.

WHEN they arrived at home they found that their father was there before them, and had put away the organ, tied up Jocko, the monkey, for the night, and was sitting down with the baby, little Pedro, in his arms, amusing him while his wife cooked their supper.

"Oh, papa!" said Susette, in a reproachful tone, "you promised to come for me, and I waited and waited and you did not come."

"I thought of you, my daughter," said the man, who spoke with an Italian accent, "but I had wandered so far off that I could not stop for you without going very far out of my way, and poor papa was so tired."

"Never mind, then, papa," answered Su-

sette, cheerfully; "some other time will do. Where did you go? And did you make much?"

"I walked on until I got up to St. Aloysius' Church; I have not been there before for a long time, and there are some new houses full of little children, and they came running out to hear me play. They gave Jocko ever so much money, in bright five-cent pieces; so we are quite rich to-night, and are to have a good supper as a treat. So now, Susette, run and help mother get the good things."

Susette ran to help her mother, while her father sat with the baby in his arms brooding over the past.

Susette had been right when she said they were great people at home: as a landed proprietor, he was a man of some importance in his native place, and nothing but the same spirit that actuated Adam and Eve induced them to leave their lovely home and their native land. Here in America he found

himself in strangely different circumstances, which instead of becoming better from time to time, as he had been led to expect, only grew worse and worse, until now, he, Paulo Georghetti, who had been a landed proprietor, had sunk so far that he carried a hand-organ through the streets from day to day to earn a miserable pittance to keep his family from starvation; and his wife, whom he had taken from a home of ease and comfort, was obliged to slave her life away sewing, and hardly paying the rent of the two little miserable rooms they occupied.

No wonder he felt sad as he thought about it! Here were his young children growing up without any of those comforts of life that had been his and their mother's, and often alas! without even the bare necessities, plenty of food and clothing.

Though he had talked very brightly to Susette just before of his success that day, now he thought it over alone it looked very different. What was seventy-five cents

or even a dollar a day scraped up—a cent here and two cents there—toward the support of a family like his, not even to mention the house-rent, a perfect nightmare on his mind? To make it worse, his wife's health was breaking down, and she was beginning to show how sick she was by her ghastly looks.

He sat there, very wretched indeed, not even trying to hide his feelings, as neither Susette nor her mother were looking, they being the only ones likely to notice his depression.

Presently, however, Susette came to him, and telling him that supper was ready, took Pedro from his arms into her own and led her father to the table. It was a rather better meal than they often had; and as his long tramp had made him very hungry, the fumes of the rasher of bacon on the stove cheered him up in spite of himself, and he amused the children during the meal by telling them what he had seen during the day.

That night, after the children had gone to

bed, Susette, who happened to be awake, heard her father and mother talking about how poor they were, and how hard it was to get along, and she determined to try and help them more than she had done. But she did not know how she could do anything but take care of the children, that her mother might have more time to sew.

She tried to do that as well as she could, but very soon she had the whole care of them, and of everything else, for her mother was very sick indeed, and suffered so much that she could do nothing but lie in bed, leaving everything to Susette.

It was a dreadful time for them all now; doctors came and gave her all sorts of medicines. The medicines had to be bought and the doctors paid for their visits; and what with doing that and buying something for the children to eat, the little store of money that Paulo had put away was all used up. As his wife could no longer earn any money he had to make greater efforts than ever.

Carlo, their eldest son, had to be taken away from the public school, where he had been for a year, and, as he was quite a large, fine-looking boy, his father gave him the organ to carry, while he, with a little money borrowed from a friend, set up a stall for candy and fruit opposite the post-office.

He chose that place because there was so much passing to and fro that he thought he would stand a better chance of selling his wares.

Florence was so found of Jocko, their monkey, that she begged to be allowed to go with Carlo and the organ. As their rooms were so small, she was allowed to go, that there might be as few as possible around the house to be taken care of and to disturb the sick woman. So every morning they would start out with their breakfast in their hands, which often consisted only of a piece of dry bread, and, trudging along, they would spend the whole day in the street.

It was a bad schooling for little Florence,

who was a beautiful child, and already knew it only too well, but it did not seem possible to help it. Susette was kept as busy as she could be, taking care of her mother and keeping Pedro out of mischief. He was just at an age when children have their fingers in everything and are always trying to break their own necks and all the family crockery, and it really would have been sufficient occupation for the day to take care of him alone.

Some weeks before her mother was taken so very ill, Susette had gone with one of her little friends to Sunday-school. The child told her that they had pretty books to read there, and that they were allowed to bring them home. That was a sufficient bait to take Susette anywhere, for she was very fond of reading and could get no books at home. She went with Martha Entwistle two or three times to morning-school and was placed in the class in which Martha was.

The first time she went the teacher, a pleasant young lady whom the girls called

Miss Katie Reynolds, asked her name; and when she said, "Susette Centrelina Georghetti," Miss Reynolds wrote it down in her class-book, gave her a catechism and a Sunday-school book, and, being busy with the other children, she did not say very much to Susette.

But she watched her new pupil to see what kind of a child she was. The delicate little oval face, with the dark, almond-shaped eyes that gazed so earnestly from out the olive-colored complexion, prepossessed her in spite of herself. She took a fancy to the child, and when school was over bade her good-bye, telling her to be certain and come again next Sunday and bring back her book and learn two pages in the catechism.

Susette went home delighted with school and Miss Reynolds, and was very busy reading her book for a few days; then she learned the two pages, ready for the next Sunday.

When the day came around she went to school quite excited with pleasure. She took

Florence with her, and, as she was one of the first children who came, she took her seat close by Miss Reynolds, telling her that this was her little sister Florence.

As school had not yet opened, they had a long talk, and Miss Reynolds questioned Susette about her home in Italy. Always delighted to talk about her beloved home, Susette went on from one thing to another until she had given a rough sketch of their past and present life—as much of the past as she could remember, and as much of the present as she liked to speak of to a comparative stranger.

She did not like to tell what a poor condition they were living in now, so she passed it over lightly, and was saying how much she liked the beautiful white Capitol and how happy it made her to see it, when the bell rang for the opening of school.

After the opening exercises were over, Miss Reynolds heard each child say her catechism, one at a time. When she came to Susette,

she took the book from her hand with a smile.

She repeated the lesson word for word from beginning to end, and when she had finished, said,

"Did I know it well, Miss Reynolds?"

"Yes, Susette, you said it very well indeed; I'll give you a ticket for knowing it so well."

"Will you tell me now what it means, Miss Katie?"

Miss Reynolds looked a good deal surprised, for the questions and answers were, she thought, as simple as they could be.

"What shall I explain, Susette?" she asked.

"Who is God, and why must we serve him?" answered the child.

CHAPTER III.

THE WAY SUSETTE FOUND WHO GOD IS.

MISS KATIE felt very badly when Susette asked her that question. It shocked her to think that such a nice little child did not know even who our kind heavenly Father is. But the earnest little face gazing at her reminded her of the responsibility that lay before her of giving the child an idea of God that she could understand; so, saying in her heart a little prayer to him to help her make it clear and plain, she said,

"Come, children, as we have finished our lessons, let us all have a little talk about God, and why we should serve him."

The children were always pleased when Miss Katie would have one of her little talks with them; so they shut up their books and gathered around her, all as still as mice.

"Now I want you all to think about what I am going to ask you, and answer me thoughtfully. Are you not glad that you are alive, to be happy, merry little girls, with kind, loving fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, who are very good to you?"

The children thought a moment, and then came a chorus of answers:

"Yes." "Yes, indeed." "I'm awful glad." "I'm glad sometimes," etc.

"Very well. Now I want to ask you another question. When your father gives you a pretty toy or something nice, don't you feel very much obliged to him, and want to do what he wishes you to do?"

Another chorus of assent.

"And you very often think, while you are playing with the things, how good he was to give them to you? Do you ever think who gave you your mamma and papa?"

The children shook their heads.

"God, who is our heavenly Father, gave them to us, and he gave us everything good

and pretty that we ever had or ever will have."

"My mamma gives me everything," said one of the girls; "God doesn't."

Miss Katie took a flower from her button-hole, and, giving it to Susette, told her to give it to Hatty, the girl who had spoken last.

"Who gave you that flower, Hatty?" she asked.

"You did'm," she answered.

"Why, Susette gave it to you."

"Yes'm; but you gave it to her and told her to give it to me."

"Well, then, that is the way that God gives us things. Our mammas or friends give them to us, but God puts it into their hearts to do it and gives them the opportunity. He also makes us feel obliged to them for giving us the things; so that we ought not only to be obliged to our parents and love them, but we should be much more obliged to God and love him, for he gave us our parents and everything else."

"But how can he give us things? We have never seen him. He doesn't give our mamma the things; we see her buy them, and papa gives her the money. What does God have to do with it?"

"He gives your mamma the love for you that makes her think of giving you anything nice; then he gives your papa the knowledge how to make the money, and then the kindness that makes him spend the money for his little children. Do you see now?"

"Yes'm," answered Hatty; "I see better than I did."

"Miss Katie," said a quiet, shy little girl they called Baby Beveridge, "I have not any papa, and my mamma says that she has not enough money to buy me any playthings. Did God take away my papa and keep my mamma poor?"

"Yes, Baby," Katie answered, drawing the child closer to her with the arm which was around her. "God did that, too. He does not always do things for us, or give us

things that are pleasant; sometimes they seem very disagreeable to us. But you all know, children, how when we are sick the doctor gives us medicine to take that tastes very badly, because, though it is bad to take, it will do us good and we need it; so God, because he loves us, sometimes sends us things to bear that are not pleasant, because they are good for us."

"Why did he take away my papa?" asked Baby.

"Perhaps, dear, he took your papa up to heaven to make you love heaven because he was there, and try to be good that you might go there too when you die."

"Can we go to heaven, and is it a nice place?" asked Susette; while Florence said, "Do you have plenty to eat in heaven?"

"Yes, Susette," said Katie, "it is a very nice place, where everybody is happy and they are never hungry or sick or thirsty. They will never cry or be too hot or cold, or have anything to trouble them any more.

The best time you ever had on earth will be nothing to compare with the happiness and pleasure you will have in heaven; and you can every one of you go there."

"How can we?" they asked.

"By being good, and obeying and loving God and your parents."

"How can we love God when we can't see him?" asked Hatty.

"Suppose your father were to go away and be gone for such a long time that you forgot what he looked like, but all the time he was sending you beautiful things and making arrangements so that you would be happy, wouldn't you love him though you could not see him?"

"Yes, indeed, we'd love him," chimed in the children.

"And wouldn't you try to do what he wished you to, and obey him in all his commands?"

"Yes'm, we would try."

"Then that is the way you can love God

and try to obey him by obeying your parents and doing what you know is right. You cannot see him, but you know that he takes care of you and loves you, and that although you cannot see him, he can see you and does see you all the time, and he knows and is sorry whenever you do wrong. Remember, that whenever you are bad he sees you."

"He can't see us in the dark," Hatty said.

"Yes he can, Hatty. Darkness and light are the same to him. He even knows what you are thinking of—every thought in your mind whenever you even want to be bad."

"How does he know it?" asked Hatty, persistently.

"Because he knows everything. He has made everything, and he is so wise and powerful that nothing can be done but he knows it, even before it is done; so we should not only try to act aright, but also to be good."

"Where is God, Miss Katie?" asked Susette, very much impressed by the power of this God who was so new to her.

"His home is in heaven, Susette, but he is everywhere, and watches over and takes care of every one on earth. He is a very kind Father in heaven to us, for, though we are and have been so wicked, he forgives us our sins for Jesus' sake, who died to save us from the punishment of our sins."

"Oh yes, I know about Jesus; he is the Son of the blessed Virgin. Mamma says the Virgin was angry with us for leaving our home in Italy."

"Do you pray, Susette?" asked Miss Katie, anxious to see how much of a Romanist the child was.

"Not much," she answered. "Sometimes I used to pray to the Virgin, but it did not seem to do any good, so I stopped it."

"You ought not to pray to her; she is nothing but a woman, like the rest of us, though she was a very good one. God thought her good enough to be the mother of his Son, but he never meant her to be prayed to. We must only pray to God and

Jesus, who are one. If we pray earnestly to God our sins will be forgiven."

"You said just now that Jesus died to save us from the punishment of our sins. How could he save us by dying?" Susette asked.

"This is the way. Just suppose your mother said to you, 'Susette, if you do what I tell you you must not do, or don't do what I tell you you must do, I shall have to punish you.' You know that, and yet you do what she told you not; when, instead of your receiving the punishment, Florence comes up and says, 'Punish me, mamma, instead of Susette; I love her so much that I would rather bear the punishment than have her bear it. Please punish me.' Wouldn't you love her very much in return for such love? That is what our dear Elder Brother, Jesus Christ, has done for us. How much we should love him! Children," and Miss Katie's voice was very tender and solemn, "whatever blessings you have, what-

ever joys come to you, remember what I say to you—you never will be really and truly happy until you love that Saviour better than everything else—your fathers and mothers and all things. You are none of you too young to love him, for he says expressly, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Even we grown people have to go back and give him a child's love and confidence; so it is easier for you to commence now. Depend upon him for everything. Pray to him whenever you want anything; nothing you care for is too small for him to care for, too."

"How can we pray to him?" asked Susette. "Shall we say an Ave Maria or a Pater Noster? The priest taught them to me, but I did not know what they meant; so I forgot them. How can I pray?"

"Pray just as you ask your father for anything. You don't stop to think, 'How shall I ask papa for this?' when you want any-

thing. You just run and say, 'Dear papa, won't you give me this thing that I want?' The same way you can say, 'Dear heavenly Father, please give me what I want, for Jesus Christ's sake.'"

"And will he always give it to me—just what I ask for?"

"If it is right for you to have it, he will always. But sometimes, you see, we want what is not good for us. Our heavenly Father knows that, and perhaps thinks, 'This child of mine wants what it is not best for her to have. I am sorry to disappoint her, but if I give her what she asked, it will make her sick or unhappy; so she will have to trust to me this time and believe I know best.' If we trust him, as we should, we will not be disappointed when he does not grant our prayers, because we will know he is too kind to deny us what we want, unless it is best; and we must go on praying, carrying everything to him; if it makes us happy, to thank him for it; if it makes us

sorry, to ask him to keep us from being sorry—to make us glad."

"It is very kind in him to be so good to us, Miss Katie," said Susette.

"Yes, Susette, it is. The Bible says, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'"

"Does the Bible tell about him?"

"Yes, it is all about him and how we should love him. Haven't you a Bible?"

"No, ma'am; we have not very many books—only a few."

"Then I will bring you a Bible next Sunday. There! the bell is going to ring now for the close of the school; so we must stop talking and be ready to sing."

CHAPTER IV.

THE USE SUSETTE MADE OF HER BIBLE.

THE next Sunday, Susette was punctually in her place in Sunday-school, but, as it was catechising Sunday, all the children answered questions together, so that Miss Katie did not get time to have another talk with the children.

She brought Susette her Bible, however, and told her she must read it a great deal, for it was better than any other book, and if she read it, and obeyed what was in it, she would be a good girl, and her heavenly Father and Jesus would love her, and she would belong to them.

That week Susette's mother was taken so very ill that she could not leave her even to go to Sunday-school.

This made her very cross and discontented, for she wanted to go to school so much that she thought it was very hard that she had to stay at home.

When Martha Entwistle came for her, she could hardly help crying as she told her she could not go. Martha, however, promised to bring her a library-book which would amuse her.

Susette, cheered a little by the prospect of something nice to read, hastened to finish all the work she had to do.

She worked so industriously that by the time Martha came back, bringing her a nice large book, she was ready to sit right down and commence to read.

She read and read, forgetting in her interest in the story how rapidly time was passing, and that she had all the house on her shoulders. When she had been reading but a few moments, it seemed to her, her father came in hungry, and said he wanted his dinner.

She had entirely forgotten that there was

such a thing as dinner, and exclaimed in consternation,

"Oh I forgot to cook it."

"What are you worth," asked her father, angrily, "if you cannot remember to get dinner? Pretty goings on! much good your learning will do me, when I have to go hungry for it!"

"I did not know it was so late, papa; I am sorry," she answered, and sprang up at once to commence the work.

Though there was not much to do, she was very long about it; everything went wrong, and by the time she had finished, what with her mother's complaining, her father's scolding and the distress of having things go wrong, Susette felt like an old woman full of cares.

In the afternoon, quite late, when the sun was setting, there seemed a little lull in her troubles. Her mother was asleep, her father playing with Pedro, and Carlo and Florence were out of the way; so Susette thought it

would be a good time for her to slip out and get a little play.

She picked up her library-book, and the Bible Miss Katie had given her, and without putting anything on her head—for she had but one hat, and took good care of that—she went alone up to the Capitol grounds.

When she arrived there she felt too tired and worried by the home annoyances to enjoy playing as she had intended.

She looked at the white steps of the dearly loved Capitol, and thinking how nice it would be to lie down upon them, she sat down on the bottom step, and laid her little flushed cheek upon the second one above.

She did not commence to read; she just lay there watching the many-colored trees—for they were beginning to turn to their autumn hues—against the sky, which was filled with soft fleecy clouds, that floated peacefully along and away, carrying with them, almost insensibly to the girl, a good deal of her tired, discontented feeling.

She did not understand why it was, but she presently began to feel quieter and happier as she lay there—so still that the little birds hopped around without minding her.

Presently, she picked up her Bible from the step below her, and opening it at random, read the first verse that her eye fell on:

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

She repeated the words several times to herself, then thought: "I wonder if that means me? I labor and am heavy laden, having to take care of mamma and papa, Carlo, Florence, the baby and Jocko, and do all the cooking, and try to keep things clean, and no one to help me any. Yes, *I am* heavy laden; and that means me, for it says, 'All ye.' I wonder how I can go, for I am so tired and want rest? Miss Katie said I must pray to him—for God must say that—I will ask him: Please, God, give me rest. Now, if it is right for me to have rest, he'll give it to me. But," she thought, a

new idea striking her, "if he is going to give me whatever I ask for that is right, I will ask for ever so many things I want."

So looking up to the sky, she said in a low voice,

"Please, God, make mamma well; give us some more money, so we will have enough to eat; help me to keep the house clean and not have such a hard time—for Jesus' sake," she added, remembering it was for his sake she must ask.

"I feel better for asking, any way," she said to herself, "even if I don't get what I want; somehow I feel that I am going to be taken care of, and that God loves me or he would not tell me to come to him. I wonder what he wants with a poor little child like me; I am not pretty like Florence; and I cannot grind the organ like Carlo. I don't know what he wants with me. But I want him," she added, with a sigh, "and I am going to try hard to come to him. Miss Katie said that the Bible told us how to love

him; I suppose it will tell me, too, how to come to him, so I shall read it till I find out."

She opened the book again and read. She had turned to the story of Joseph, the child who was loved more than all his brothers. She read of the wonderful dreams that made his brothers fear and hate him; then how he went out to find them, and how they, hating him, threw him into the pit; and then, taking him out, sold him to strangers, taking his coat—his coat of many colors—and carrying it back to his dear old father, who loved him so much, made him think that Joseph was dead, because the beautiful coat he had worn was covered with blood.

As she read about his being thrown into prison, she saw that "the Lord was with Joseph" even there. She remembered the time that the man who lived next door to their house was taken to prison, and wondered if the Lord was with him.

"But papa said he was an awful bad man,"

she said to herself. "I don't believe the Lord was with him, for Miss Katie said we must be good if we wanted him. Joseph must have been very good, for the Lord 'showed him mercy and gave him favor.' It was very good in the Lord to take care of him. I reckon it was because he loved him."

She read until the story was finished; then, as it grew too dark to read any more, she shut the book, and thought that it was prettier than any other story-book she had, and that she would read it as often as she could find time.

Susette rose from the steps and picked up her two books. She had not had such a pleasant time since her mother had been sick, and she tripped home with a happier heart than usual. She kept up her cheerfulness all the rest of the evening, in a much more pleasant frame of mind than she had had in the morning.

When she went to bed, she remembered that in the book she had been reading in the morning the little girl had said her prayers

before she went to sleep; so she thought she would do the same; but, not knowing what to say for her prayer, she picked up the story-book to see what Fanny had said. She read:

"Fanny knelt down by her little bed and, folding her hands, said:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
I wake me now, I wake me never,
I give my soul to Jesus ever.'"

Susette looked at her bed—a poor, thin mattress on the floor—and thought that was rather a queer place to kneel. However, she had determined to do as Fanny did; so she knelt down, folded her hands and repeated the words—the same dear old prayer that we all pray, not dropping it with our childish years, but oftentimes carrying it on into our old age, and ending many an earnest, solemn petition—perhaps like the struggle of Jacob with the Lord at Peniel—with the simple prayer learned at our mother's knee.

Susette had hardly finished her prayer, and

had not arisen from her knees, when her mother called to her in a peevish voice—

"Susette, what are you keeping that light burning so long for? You are so wasteful. Put it out at once."

She blew out the tallow dip, and, lying down upon the low, poor bed, was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER V.

CARLO'S MISTAKE.

ONE night, Carlo's face, as he entered the room, had on it such a funny, amused expression that Susie asked him what was the matter; and Florence, whom he had not allowed to accompany him when he went out in the morning, said:

"There! I knew something nice would happen, because you would not take me with you. What was it? It was so mean in you."

"Now, don't fuss, or I won't tell you," Carlo answered her; "and then you'll be sorry, for it's real funny."

"Well, I won't fuss. What is it?" she said.

"I would not let you go with me this

morning because I was going on a long tramp. I was tired of the old routes and streets, so I determined to try some new ones. I went along by St. Aloysius' Church, but I have been there so often that they know all my tunes and don't give me much money; so to-day I started straight out from the church across the commons, along with the railroad. I stopped at ever so many houses and played. The children all came running out and the women came from their wash-tubs."

"I wonder how they found time to stop?" said poor Susette, burdened with many cares.

"Why, they always do that," Florence said, impatiently. "That's nothing funny. Is that all you have to tell us?"

"Have patience, and you'll hear the rest," answered Carlo. "I followed on over the commons from one house to another. All of them, being poor people, knew how to feel for poor people, and gave me something. After I had gone some way out—it seemed

quite far—I saw a great big red brick house, almost as big as the Capitol—"

"Umph! umph!" said Susette, with a curious mixture of disbelief and indignation in her voice. "It wasn't as big as the Capitol; nothing is as big as that."

"I didn't say it was as big; I said it was almost, and it is. You don't know how much almost is. It had ever so many windows and pillars and all sorts of things; and I believe it is quite as big as the Capitol—only it is red and the Capitol is white."

"Well, I am glad of that," said Susette, with a sigh of relief. "If it *is* as large, it isn't as good. White things are always best."

"Oh, what difference does it make?" said Florence. "Hurry up your story; I'm tired of waiting."

"Well, then, don't wait any longer, if you are tired; I don't want you to wait. Only you'll be sorry if you don't. Go on!" and he made a great show of waiting for her to leave.

"Now, Carlo, be a good boy, and go on with your story. You know how I love to hear a story." And Florence gave him a little pat on the arm, while she looked up in his face in an affectionate, coaxing manner that she well knew how to assume when it suited her.

She certainly looked very lovely with her tangled curls falling back from her face as she turned it up to her brother; he fully appreciated it, and stooping, kissed her, as he said,

"If you want me to be a good boy, you be a good girl, and don't tease me to tell my story faster than I want to, you little rat!"

"Well, then, go on now; you left off at the big house which wasn't as large as the Capitol, but was as red; no, it wasn't as red, but was as large. Go on from there, that's a good Carlo;" and she patted his arm again in a most confiding manner.

"I thought, then, that this house, which was a great deal bigger, a great deal redder,

and a *great deal* gooder than the Capitol" —and he gave a look at Susette, challenging dispute, which, however, she did not notice except by a shake of the head—"I thought it would be a good place to play, for it looked like a kind of hotel, and people mostly have money in those. So I went over. There was a big yard in front and a gate—just like the Capitol—and there were ever so many children playing on the grass, like the Capitol grounds on the evenings when the band plays."

"It's horrid when the band plays Wednesday evenings," said Susette, unable to stand that attack. "There are too many children dressed up fine running around, and making me feel ashamed of my old clothes. I like it better when no one is there."

"I thought so many children would make it jolly," Carlo went on, not noticing the interruption; "so I went in the yard, and up in front of the house, and stationing myself on the grass in front of the pillars, I com-

menced grinding away as hard as I could, and Jocko went through his tricks. The children came round in a hurry, but seemed very quiet; didn't say a word, though they looked curious. When they saw Jocko, they commenced flinging their arms about and jumping around in such a way that I was afraid they were going to hurt him; so I said,

"'Don't do anything to him; be careful.'

"But they did not answer me, and only went on throwing their arms around as if they were having fits. One of them came and stood near me, and taking his hat in one hand, did as if he was grinding the organ; while another ran around in front of him, and looking at Jocko did everything he did. Then they all grinned and shook much more, but did not speak a word or laugh out loud. Presently, a little lame boy came hobbling along on a crutch; he had only one leg, and yet he could walk as fast almost as the others. I looked at him coming along in that funny

hopping way; then I looked down on my own legs, and I felt so sorry for him that I thought I would play him one or two more tunes; so I called to him:

"'These tunes are for you, little lame boy.'

"But he did not take any notice of what I said, but came hopping on till he saw Jocko; then he threw himself down on the grass and turned a somersault backward; then picked himself up, and danced round and round Jocko, going on with the arm that was not holding his crutch like the others, but not saying anything. I began to feel queer, they acted so funny; I wanted to throw my arms about, and began to feel as if I could not speak; so I commenced to talk to the one nearest me. I said,

"'Where's your tongue? Why don't you say something?'

"But he only shook his arms still faster and did not speak. I spoke to another. He shook. Then to another. Then I began to get mad and shouted at them,

"'Haven't you any sense? Why don't you speak when you are civilly spoken to, and not stand there shaking your arms as if I was a flock of mosquitoes? You've no manners and are a set of boobies.'

"Then I heard a shriek of laughter. I was mad at being laughed at, but even that was better than the shaking. I was glad to hear a noise of any sort, except the noise of the boobies' feet on the gravel and the sound of the organ.

"I looked up to see where the laugh came from, and there at a window, sticking out kind of from the house, stood a lady and gentleman and a little boy.

"The lady was smiling, but *she* had not laughed. The gentleman also was amused, but he looked too kind and good to make any one feel bad by laughing at him. But it was the small boy; he was doubled up on the window shaking, but he shook with a noise; so it wasn't so bad as the boobies, who shook their hands and never spoke.

"I wasn't going to stand being laughed at, however; so I called to him,

"'If you can do anything but shake, come down here and I'll fight you for laughing at me.'

"Then the gentleman called down to me, in a voice that made me ashamed of wanting to fight, and not want to any more, and I wasn't so mad. He said,

"'I wouldn't fight him if I were you. I don't think he has done anything for which he deserves to be fought.'

"I felt more ashamed, but said,

"'Why did he laugh at me then, when these made me angry by doing nothing but shake when I was playing to them as well as I could?'

"'I don't think that was very bad in him. I think you would very likely have laughed had you been in his place. I laughed—do you want to fight me?'

"'No,' I said to him, 'you laughed different; I didn't mind you laughing, somehow.'

"By this time there were more people around—some of them laughing and some shaking, and some doing both, and I got so confused I hardly knew what to do.

"Then the gentleman came out of the lower door, holding the boy who had laughed by the hand as if he were his son. They came up to me, and I asked him,

"'What do they mean by shaking and going on so?'

"'They cannot speak or hear,' he said, 'and that is the way they talk to each other, with their hands and arms as we do with our voice. They are deaf and dumb children.'

"I said, 'Oh! then, I'm sorry I abused them; I'll play them another tune. But, then, if they cannot hear that won't be any use to them.

"He laughed; then turning to some of the others, he shook his hands for a few moments, and they laughed; so I knew he was shaking about me to them; and presently the lame little boy with the one leg took off his hat and

handed it around to them all; then he came to me and emptied the money on my organ, shaking very hard. I asked the gentleman what he meant, and he said,

"'He says he is sorry he cannot hear your music, but is just as much obliged to you as if he could hear it, and hopes this money will help you!'

"It was very funny his saying all that shaking his fingers and arms, and I don't understand it. But they gave me lots of money, and those who could speak seemed very much amused that I had been playing a hand-organ for half an hour to a lot of children who were too deaf to hear a sound; and it *was* funny too."

CHAPTER VI.

SUSETTE'S VISIT.

WINTER weather set in very rapidly, and Mrs. Georghetti did not improve, but instead grew worse and worse. The doctor said that to recover her health she should have good strengthening food to eat and wine to drink, for she needed building up.

They did not know where either the wine or the better food was to come from. They could hardly obtain enough of the plainest food to sustain life, and could not fancy where wine was to come from. Their rent was very large, though they only had two miserable little rooms, that, with the closest packing, hardly contained them all; fuel was so high that they could only have a very small fire when it was absolutely necessary. Where was the

wine to come from? was the question asked by all the older members of the family.

At last, unable to think of any other way, and feeling the necessity for it herself, Mrs. Georghetti made up her mind to sell some of her jewelry—precious relics, heirlooms brought from her old home—and buy the wine that was to bring her the much longed-for strength.

She took out from their hiding-place some of her treasures, and with many tears gave them to her husband to sell. She cried so much at parting with them that she was much worse, and poor Susette had a hard time all the morning taking care of her.

At every noise she would start up in bed and listen to see if her husband had come back; then, when she found that he had not, she would sink back again, exclaiming that some one had killed him and stolen the things. Susette told her that it was too soon for him to come back—he had not had time to go any distance. Then she would lie

quietly for a little while, only to rouse up again at the first step that passed near.

At last, when her husband did come in, he had received so little for the jewelry that she was still more distressed at having parted with it. However, he had wine, and as long as it lasted she felt better. But it gave out, and more of the home-relics were sold. Their value was greater to her than to any one else, and so they brought very little, and soon were all gone—some to pawnbrokers, some to the neighbors who wanted to help them.

Their neighbors were as kind as their means allowed them to be. Once, when they were without any fuel in the house, the woman who lived next door sent them in several bushels of coal, that, with care, Susette made last very long. They would sometimes come in and help her nurse her mother, or sit with her while Susette went out on an errand.

In this way she several times was able to go to Sunday-school, and always enjoyed it very much—coming back strengthened and

feeling more patient from having Miss Katie talk to her about Christ and his love for her.

It seemed to Susette that she really was better for a few days after hearing Miss Katie talk—that it was easier to be good, to trust in the God she told her about; and she began to feel a dependence upon her teacher that was very pleasant.

There was good reason for her feeling. Miss Reynolds was worthy of dependence; she tried to be a sincere, honest Christian woman, and such efforts never go unrewarded.

In her dealings with her Sunday-school class she made it a general rule not to endeavor to teach them what she did not know herself. She knew that it was almost useless to try to teach them love and faith if she had neither herself—that she must know a thing before she could teach it; so she only attempted to tell them what her own heart was full of—to teach them the love of God as she felt it was held out for every one who would

receive it; to explain to them the child-like faith that she herself possessed. Her teaching was in the tender words of the loving John, "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." And she made it also the motto of her life. So, going from her Bible and her prayer to her class, and striving to teach them more from her heart than from her brain, she gained their love and respect, and her words carried conviction with them, for the children saw that they were real and from the fountain's head, and that her life bore witness to their truth. But

"Labor with what zeal we will,
Something yet remains undone—
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun—

"Waits, and will not go away—
Waits, and will *not* be gainsaid:
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made."

The duty that Miss Reynolds neglected

was one that weighed heavily upon her—the doing it and the not doing it.

It was visiting her Sunday-school scholars. It was, she thought, a very difficult thing to do. Not that she was not fond of them, but, as they mostly belonged to poor families, she felt a delicacy and hesitation in intruding upon them.

The fact was, she did not know how to visit them. She had the kindest wishes in regard to it, but almost no knowledge how to proceed. She had heard so much of the many evils of "poor-visiting," and was so much afraid of falling into some of them, that she avoided it altogether. What right had she, she said, to be giving advice to women old enough to be her mother on subjects about which they knew much more than she did? It would be an impertinence to do it to the mothers of her own acquaintances and friends, and she thought it would be the same to teach the mothers of her scholars.

For fear of doing wrong she neglected the duty that lay in her path, and lost perhaps many an opportunity of doing good.

One she certainly would have lost had it not been for the confidence she inspired in the hearts of the children.

Susette had often thought that Miss Katie could help them if she only knew how they were situated, but she did not like to tell her, it looked so much like begging; and that she could not bear to do.

She mentioned several times how ill her mother was; and each time she came to school Miss Katie would ask after her mother's health, and she would say better or worse as the case might be, and could not gather up courage to say any more, though she made up beforehand many speeches in which she would ask Miss Katie if she could not help them in some way or other.

At last, when the winter was well advanced and the weather was bitterly cold, while snow lay on the ground as deep and

for as long a time as it ever does in Washington, after much doubt and hesitation she determined to go to see Miss Katie and ask her aid.

Miss Reynolds told her where she lived, and that she must come and see her if she ever wanted any assistance; so, asking their next-door neighbor to sit with her mother while she was gone, she dressed herself as cleanly and neatly as her poor clothes would allow, and started off to find the house.

She wandered around for some time, and became almost numb with the cold — her clothing was so insufficent for the weather— before she succeeded.

When she at last found it, she could hardly ring the bell, her poor little hands were so cold, and her feet ached so that she was almost ready to cry.

She waited some time, and no one coming to the door, with a sinking heart she rang the bell again. She felt so dreadfully to think that she had come on a begging expe-

dition, just like the poor little girls that went about the streets with baskets on their arms and bare feet; she thought she could not stand it, and was about to turn around and run down the steps again, when she remembered her mother sick in bed, unable to work; Florence and Pedro hungry and cold; and all that Carlo and her father could make necessary to pay the rent, which, if not paid as soon as due, needn't be paid at all, as they would be turned right out of the house.

All these thoughts made her hesitate about leaving her errand undone; and while she was debating what to do, the question was decided for her by the servant opening the door. She had asked for Miss Katie and was ushered into the house before she knew it.

There was nothing to be done now but wait, and she could not have done anything else had she tried. She never had been in such a beautiful place before, and could only stand and wonder.

To her cold, poorly-clothed little body the

warm summer atmosphere of the house was very grateful indeed, and she gazed around to see where the fire was that made it so warm. There was none to be seen, however; but she forgot to think any more of it in the wonders that met her delighted eye.

There were such beautiful pictures hanging on the walls—more beautiful far than those she sometimes saw in the store windows on the Avenue and on Seventh street. She liked those, but these somehow made her feel good and happy, and forget that she was poor and hungry, and had been so cold she was ready to cry.

There was a beautiful little picture—a little stream of water flowing along quietly over its rocky bed, breaking into ripples here and there, but never altering much in its peaceful course; on each side of it were grand old trees, and close by the water's edge, reflected on its surface where it was still enough, were delicate ferns, grasses and wildwood flowers; a long, slanting sunbeam came through the

trees and fell upon the grass and flowers, making them brilliant with its light.

As she looked at it, Susette could not help wishing that she were there, it was so peaceful and happy. But her eyes caught another picture that made her forget the first. That could only be meant for our Saviour, she thought, as she stood with folded hands before the picture. That face so pure, so strong, so full of patient love and forbearance, overflowing with that sympathy which flows from the mingling of the divine and the human, could be no one else; and as she looked at it she seemed to understand a verse she had read in her Bible that morning: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

She forgot the soft carpet she had trod on in wonder and hesitation just before; she forgot the pleasant warmth that comforted her cold little body; she even forgot the hunger, cold and misery at home, in watching that face.

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But her eyes caught another Picture.

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She was not even conscious that any one else was in the room; and a gentleman who sat near, and had at first watched her with rather suspicious eyes, seeing her enter the parlor unannounced, seeing her air of contemplation, changed his frown to a smile; which changed again into a very earnest look as he saw her standing before the picture, put up her little hand, still blue with the cold, and wipe away the tears in her eyes.

He watched her until Miss Katie came down stairs; when she came into the room where Susette was, he rose and went into the back room, out of sight, but not out of hearing. Not, however, before he saw the look on her face as, turning to Miss Reynolds she said, without a word of greeting, with a long-drawn breath:

"Oh, Miss Katie! isn't it just like him, and isn't it beautiful?"

CHAPTER VII.

THE TALK WITH MISS KATIE.

"IT is very beautiful, indeed, Susette," Miss Katie answered; "and I am glad that you have seen it and like it."

"Oh, I do like it!" she answered. "It keeps me from feeling so hungry and cold and unhappy."

"Poor child!" said Miss Katie, slightly horrified at the idea of any one not having enough to eat. "*Are* you really hungry? Why, that is too bad; I must get you something to eat."

"Oh no, ma'am," said Susette, equally horrified at the idea of having appeared to ask for something to eat. "I am not any hungrier than usual. Please don't trouble yourself; I am used to it."

"Used to being hungry!" said Katie, some new ideas about visiting the poor dawning upon her. "Don't you always have enough to eat?"

"Oh no, ma'am!" answered Susette, almost tempted to laugh at the amusing idea of her always having enough to eat. "There isn't much, you know; and there is mamma, who is sick, and, the doctor says, must have her appetite tempted; then there is papa and Carlo, who work hard and are so tired—they must have as much as I can give them; then Florence and Pedro are children, and they are so hungry all the time I don't believe they ever could have enough; then if Jocko —he's our monkey, you know—if he doesn't have something to eat, why he's stupid and don't amuse the children, and then Carlo doesn't get many pennies, and then we don't have anything hardly to eat."

"Does that often happen?" asked Katie, still gathering new ideas about visiting the poor.

"Oh no, ma'am, not very often. Hardly ever a whole day passes that we don't have something to eat, even if it is only a little piece of bread."

"Can't you cook anything?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, if we have anything to cook or any fire; but you know, ma'am, we can't always have a fire; it is only when we are very cold, indeed."

"Have you a fire to-day?" asked poor Katie, her neglected duties staring her in the face, and saying to her, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "We, then, that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

"No, ma'am; we have not had any for three or four days, for we have to pay our rent in a few days, and it will take all the money we can get; so we can't buy any coal till the rent is paid."

"I will have some sent down to you at once, Susette," said Katie.

"There now!" said Susette, with a radiant

countenance, "isn't that good in God? I didn't have to ask you to help me, after all. I hated to beg so much that I asked God to make you think of it yourself; but I did not think it was half time yet, and here you've gone and done it. How good it is in him to answer a little girl's prayer, like I am!"

"Does he always answer your prayers so quickly, Susette?"

"No, ma'am, not often. Sometimes he doesn't seem to answer at all; then I try to remember what you said about his knowing best, and I try not to be discouraged, but to be satisfied, though it is very hard sometimes, because, you know, I do get so hungry and so tired."

"Poor child!" Katie said; "it isn't always easy to have faith, is it, when we have hard times? But the more difficult we find it to trust him, the more he is pleased when we do it; so that should make us more earnest and anxious to have faith."

"Is having faith believing that he knows best and will do best?"

"Yes, that is the right kind of faith."

"Well, we must have that, mustn't we? For if he is what you say he is, and loves us and takes care of us, why, we must believe he knows best, mustn't we?"

"Yes, Susette, we should believe it; and the more we rest in that belief, the nearer we are to peace and happiness. It is the peace of God which he gives us, and which passeth understanding."

"I don't know, Miss Katie," said Susette, with a sigh that sounded strangely coming from such young, rosy lips, "what would have become of me all this time, when we have had so much trouble and sickness, if you had not told me about God and Christ, and how he loved us and took care of us, and showed me the way to find him. Somehow, it seemed so easy to love him that it made everything more easy to bear. When mamma was sick, and papa was cross, and the children

would cry because they did not have enough to eat, and everything seemed to go wrong, I felt that he was helping me to bear it all, for it seemed to be meant for me—all he said in the Bible. Though I couldn't understand it all, it helped me when we were having very bad times."

"Is there anything else that I can do for you, Susette?" Katie asked. "Does your mother want anything?"

"She said, ma'am, that she'd like to have the minister come to see her some time—she would like to talk to him. She is not happy in her mind; and she thought perhaps you would come too."

There was a beseeching look in Susette's eyes, as Katie caught sight of them watching her as the humble little request was put forth, that decided her to go, though she did not fancy the idea at all; but she could not resist the pleading in the child's eyes, and said:

"I will tell the minister, Susette, and I

think he will come to see you; and I will come also as soon as I can. But I am very busy now, for I am going to be married soon, and, as I am going away from home, I have a great deal to do. I am glad you came to see me. Wait a few moments, and I'll give you a little basket to take to the children."

Katie left the parlor, and, taking the pantry keys and a good-sized basket, she filled the latter with nice little bundles of tea and sugar, a can of condensed milk, some potatoes, and whatever she saw that seemed to be useful, and gave it to Susette, who, with many thanks, disappeared down the front steps, with the addition to her clothing of a nice, warm sack that Miss Katie said her little sister had outgrown, and that made the poor child much more comfortable than when she came in.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS KATIE'S VISIT.

SOME days passed over before Miss Reynolds was able to pay the promised visit to the Georghettis, though she had had a load of coal sent to them, according to her promise, the day after Susette's visit. The gentleman who was sitting in the parlor, and had watched her so suspiciously as she stood before the picture, struck by her simple trust, amidst circumstances so trying to faith, in an unseen God, and desirous to make amends for his unjust thoughts of her, obtaining her direction from Katie, sent to the family a supply of groceries sufficient to last them for some time.

At last, however, she determined that she would put it off no longer, but make an op

portunity for going, as one did not seem to present itself. She was the more convinced that she ought to go as Susette was not at Sunday-school on Sabbath morning.

Afraid that Mrs. Georghetti must be worse, and feeling reproached for her long delay in paying the visit, Katie started off on Monday, well wrapped up, for it was a very cold day. Taking her large dog with her as protection in a neighborhood she did not much like to visit, she went in the direction of Swampoodle—a dreadful region of the city, between her house and the Capitol grounds—where Susette had told her she lived.

She had as much difficulty in finding the house, or more even, than Susette had had in finding hers. As it was somewhere in the region of the Tiber—grand-sounding name for a miserable sluggish stream that was enough to undermine the health of the whole neighborhood with fever and ague—she went down B street until she came to the Tiber,

yet finding no house that answered Suzette's description.

Arrived at the edge of the gully through which the stream crept, she found no way of reaching the houses on the other side except by retracing her steps, or picking her way around to a little bridge through dirt and mud, which even the settlings of corrupt Rome could hardly have equaled on the banks of the ancient river.

Finding the latter the less objectionable, she picked her steps around by the best route she could find, and in about fifteen minutes more was on her way to a long row of houses, in one of which she thought the Georghettis must live.

There was a man walking a few steps before her, and she was surprised to see her dog run to him and jump upon him with apparent pleasure. Not knowing the man, and thinking he might object to such a display of affection from so large an animal, she called the dog off, but he would not come,

and the man turned around and said, with a foreign accent:

"He no 'fraid of me; he like me. He follow me home one night, and he not go away when I tell him; so he stay all night and run home in the morning. He your dog?"

Katie said that he was, and, liking the man's dark Italian face, as he had an air of feeling at home in the neighborhood, which she certainly had not, she thought she would see if he could direct her; so she asked,

"Can you tell me, please, where the Georghettis live?"

A smile broke over the man's face as he answered,

"Oh yes; they my people. We live just here; you see them?"

Katie said that she did wish to see them; and he turned into a dark passage-way between two houses, while she followed.

It was so dark and dirty that she could

hardly see where she was going, and was quite glad when, turning into another passage-way, she stood in front of a door and saw partial daylight through a very dirty window, while Mr. Georghetti entered the room and announced that a lady had come to see them.

"Oh, I wonder if it is Miss Katie?" in Susette's soft, musical voice. "I do hope it is."

She looked up from the stove over which she was bending, stirring something with one hand while with the other she held the baby Pedro. Her cheeks were bright with the heat of the fire, and her hair fell over her eyes, both hands being too fully occupied to have time to put it up.

"Oh, Miss Katie," she cried, her eyes glistening with pleasure, "I am so glad to see you! But please excuse my not stopping; this poultice I am making for mamma will burn if I stop a minute. I spoilt one because I stopped to pick up Pedro out of the water-

bucket. Please sit down; I will be done in a minute."

Katie, not seeing any place where she could sit, said,

"Let me stir that, Susette; it is as much as you can do to take care of the baby: I know how to keep it from burning."

Susette looked very grateful as she gave up the spoon. While occupied in stirring, Katie could easily glance around the room, to judge from its appearance what she could of the family.

It was full to overflowing; which, however, did not imply large possessions, for it was a very small room with one window and one door, but everything was piled on chairs or tables, without regard to the suitableness of the article to the place.

It was confusion worse confounded, and yet Katie saw amidst it all an attempt at keeping order, which she, of course, attributed to poor overworked Susette, and felt sorry that she should have a task so arduous that

it would have puzzled an older brain and a more experienced hand.

The difficulties under which she labored were very apparent to Katie as she watched the child, still with the baby in her arms, struggling to clear a chair that she might sit in it; there was nowhere to put any of the things away apparently, so it was only taking them from one place to put them in another.

There lay Mrs. Georghetti, following with an anxious eye Susette's movements, worried —so Katie judged by her looks and motions —that the strange lady who came to see them should not only have no seat, but should be standing over the fire cooking.

At length the poultice was done; and as Susette tried to put it in the bag, still holding Pedro in her arms, Katie took him from her, and sitting down in the one chair, which by this time was clear, she amused him until the child had arranged her mother comfortably, washed the saucepan, and with many thanks was ready to take the baby.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"WE are very much obliged to you for coming to see us, Miss Katie," Susette said, with a grateful smile, when at last quiet was restored and they were sitting still. "It was very good in you."

"Yes," added Mrs. Georghetti, "we are much obliged to you; we have wanted you to come for some time."

Her English was so very broken that it was with great difficulty that Katie could understand her; but she seemed so anxious to talk plainly that it made it easier to make the effort.

As the conversation went on, Katie felt sorry that she had not before been to pay this visit—an easy thing on her part, but giving, as

it did, so much pleasure. It made her feel grieved to hear the account Mrs. Georghetti gave of the trouble and want that they had been through; but if it relieved her to tell of it, it was a simple thing to listen attentively, and she could not but feel that she had been very negligent in not coming to help them before.

Mrs. Georghetti told her about her illness, that prevented her any longer assisting to support the family by taking in sewing; and that though Susette sewed as much and as well as she could, with all her other duties she could not of course do much; so that all the money they had was used up, and they had had to pawn or sell everything they owned that was of any value, and even then could only barely live. They were indeed in the deepest poverty.

While she was giving a pathetic account of all this, Katie was trying to think of some plan by which she could help them permanently, for she was going away so soon that

she could not do much for them from time to time.

If she could only obtain some steady employment for Mr. Georghetti that would afford a certain remuneration, even though it was small, it would place them in more comfortable circumstances. She determined to make a special effort to see if she could not do it, and having settled that question within herself for the present, she asked,

"Why were you not at Sunday-school yesterday, Susette? We missed you very much."

"She have nothing decent to wear," said Mrs. Georghetti, "nothing but rag, rag; and I can't sew them, and she no time last week to sew them, for I very sick. I no like her to go in poor rags, but she no stay way when she can help it."

"I hope not," said Katie; "I hope she would not stay from such a good place merely because she did not have new clothes to wear; that would be a great pity."

"It no so much new as clean—no holes. I no able to buy her new clothes much often; have to make over and patch, and make hold together; but now they very bad."

"That is a pity," Katie said; "for, after all, you know, Susette," she said, thinking she could more easily make her understand than her mother, "that it isn't so much what we have on our body that makes any difference, as what we have in our minds and hearts. If our heart is full of love to God and all people, and thoughts as to how we can best serve him and obey his wishes, why, then, it makes very little difference how our body is dressed."

"But, Miss Katie," said the child, "some of the girls laugh at me when I come to school in my poor clothes—they are dressed so fine—and it makes me feel bad and unhappy, and mad with them."

"That isn't the right way to feel, Susette. God is sorry when we feel wickedly. It is very wrong in the girls to laugh because

your clothes happen not to be so fine as theirs, but you should try not to mind it, for you know it does not really hurt you; it is only very unpleasant and makes you feel badly."

"You don't know how bad it is, Miss Katie," Susette said.

"Yes, I think I do, Susette," Katie answered, after a moment. "I used to feel so when I was a little girl, and other children were dressed finer than I was."

"Did any one dress prettier than you, Miss Katie?" said Susette, with open eyes of wonder, for her teacher's beautiful clothes seemed to her unsurpassable in magnificence.

"Yes, indeed, Susette," she answered; "a great many people dressed better than I did, and I was foolish enough to be worried about it. One day I came home from Sunday-school crying, because one of the girls had a beautiful new feather in her hat, and she said mine was only an old feather out of the chicken. My dear mamma asked me what

I was crying about, and I told her. She said she was sorry that her little daughter cared about such small things—she had thought better of her. Then she took me by the hand, and, leading me to the window which opened out into the garden, full of beautiful flowers, she pointed to some splendid lilies, and said: '"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field—how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." If my little daughter, with all the beautiful clothes she could obtain, could not be like one of these, doesn't she think she had better strive after something else? If a flower that grew up out of the brown earth, and opened one day to die the next, is dressed so much more beautifully than she could ever be, had not she better try to be something that the flower cannot be?'

"'What, mamma?' I asked.

"'To be a good child, Katie,' she answered me. 'The flower has nothing but its dress —its brilliant colors are all; but you have a heart, a soul, a mind. Should you try to outshine the little flower that has none of these? If you do, try to outshine it in another way than mere dress. Cultivate your mind so that it will wear many beautiful things—costumes of new and beautiful thoughts, languages from foreign countries, rather than feathers and silks. Make your heart bear blossoms of love and good-will, and your soul be filled with flowers of reverence to God, sympathy with man and pity for the erring; then your whole life will be clothed more beautifully than the flowers, and you'll find it a very small matter as to whether you have splendid clothes or not. "Take no thought, saying, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things; but seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added

unto you."' I never forgot what my dear mamma said to me that day, Susette; and though I did not at once learn to conquer the wrong feeling—for we cannot expect to overcome a bad habit directly—still, whenever I found I was feeling badly at some one being dressed better than I was, I remembered what my mother had said, and thought of a simple little flower being more lovely than I could ever hope to be by dress; and finally it made me ashamed of thinking of the mere outside of my body, when there was so much within upon which I could better spend thought and care."

Miss Katie paused and watched Susette to see what effect her words had had upon her. The child, with slightly-flushed cheeks, was sitting with her eyes cast down, apparently thinking. Presently she raised her head and said:

"I will try and remember also, Miss Katie, and try not to mind the children laughing at my old clothes; but it is mighty

hard, and I am afraid I shall forget and be mad with them again."

"I don't think they mean to be unkind, Susette. I think it is only thoughtlessness in them; so you must try not to mind it, and always remember, when any one does anything you do not like, that our Saviour tells us to pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us,' and that it is a dreadful prayer to make if we do not forgive others."

"I'll try, Miss Katie."

"And God will help you, Susette. You have only to ask him and he will do it, for he has promised."

CHAPTER X.

GOOD-BYE WORDS.

IT was the last Sunday before Miss Reynolds was to be married, and she had come to school to meet her children for the last time as their teacher, and to bid them good-bye, for she was going to leave the city.

She had paid several visits to the Georghettis since the first one, and had done all in her power to make them more comfortable. After a good deal of trying, she had finally obtained a situation for Susette's father in the workshops of the navy-yard. He had worked in an iron foundry in New York, and was more familiar with that than with any other business.

The family were made more comfortable by having his wages; and, as far as that went,

Katie felt much more at ease about them. But Mrs. Georghetti did not get better, or rather she did not recover her health. Sometimes she would be for a long time so much easier that she could sit up and sew, thus making from time to time a little extra money; then, again, she would be worse than ever, suffering often in the most dreadful manner.

Katie was glad to watch how Susette's character was gaining strength with the strain put upon it, instead of becoming hardened by the trials and troubles that weighed heavily upon such young shoulders.

She grew more dutiful and patient, trying to bear what came because God sent it; she seemed to feel, as well as to say, "Our Father who art in heaven," and the child-like trust was felt as to an earthly parent.

She had very noble qualities of mind and heart, Katie thought, and she felt anxious for the effect upon her of the life she was likely to lead, and almost wished that it could seem

right in any way for her to be sent to different scenes and influences.

But her place decidedly was at home; and Katie knew that the prayer was not that they should be taken out of the world, but kept from the evil.

The quiet, beautiful spirit of the child could not but win her love and respect; and she felt sorry to give up her class, and miss the bright sympathetic countenance of her favorite pupil, and the sparkle of her dark, almond-shaped eyes, when any idea pleased her. Instinctively, she always turned to Susette when she had some favorite thought to advance, sure of meeting attention and appreciation, and feeling that she was helping to form a mind and character that were worth the forming.

She wished sometimes that there could be more gayety and spirit in the child, but it was almost too much to expect childishness from one who had upon her small shoulders a woman's care and responsibility.

The children felt very sadly this last Sunday at the idea of losing their dear teacher, Miss Katie, and they gathered around her very closely, each wanting to be the nearest on this last time they were to see her. She had made to each one some little present as a parting gift. To Susette she had given a complete suit of clothes—everything new, from head to foot, even to a handkerchief worked with her name. It was very tasteful, but simple and suitable, and Susette looked prettier than ever in it.

Katie, too, felt sorry at the parting with her class, for she had come to love them from striving to do them good; and now she was thinking what last words she should say to impress still further the lessons she had tried to teach them.

"We shall miss you so much, Miss Katie," one of the girls said. "It will be so hard to be good when we have not you to help us and keep us straight."

"I am both glad and sorry that you will

miss me, Maggie—glad that you love me enough to mind when I am gone, and sorry that anything should distress you. But you must not depend upon me to keep you good, for I can only help you by suggestions.

"I have taught you all this time to very little advantage if you do not know who can keep you good; and I wish to tell you all that I want you to be careful not to forget who that is, but to grow in the love of the Lord, to try more and more to make God your God, and learn to depend upon him for everything you need. You are none of you too young, any more than you are too young to depend upon your own father; it is the same thing.

"And, children, you must remember to pray to that Father frequently—not merely to pray with the lips, for that does not mean anything, and is worse than nothing, for it deceives you and makes you think that you are praying. But pray from the heart, so that God will know from your zealous ask-

ing that you are in earnest, and give you what you ask.

"You must not always expect to have things given to you without your asking for them; for though our Father does give us so many blessings before we ask, still he expects us to beg, to prove that we really want them; for if we do not, we grow careless, and often misuse his blessings."

"But, then, when he does not give us what we want and ask for, Miss Katie?" said Susette, with an inquiring look.

"Then, Susette, *trust*," Katie answered with a loving smile; "it is quite as much our duty to trust as to pray. 'For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him;' and if we sometimes, or in fact very often, ask for what we have no need of, and what is not best for us, he is such a loving, wise and kind Father that he denies us our prayer."

"Is that loving, Miss Katie, not to give us what we ask for?" one of the girls asked.

"Yes, Fanny, it is the highest proof of his love, for, with his omnipotence as Creator and Preserver of the world, he could give us one thing as well and as easily as another, and by giving us everything we wanted, keep our love. But he loves us so greatly, and has our interest so much at heart, that he takes the trouble to deny what is not best for us and give us what is best, though we do not want it; and so often loses our poor, weak love, for we are so ungrateful we do not trust him always and through everything. If you only go through life loving and trusting him, you are certain of peace and happiness here and hereafter."

"But we ought to do something besides love and trust, oughtn't we, Miss Katie?" Susette asked.

"Yes we should, Susette; but if we love him, we will also obey him and strive in every way to follow out his wishes. You know the first and great commandment: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all

thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and the second is like unto it—thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' So you see, after all, the whole matter is contained in love and faith."

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW WORK.

TWO years passed on with very little change in the Georghetti family. Mrs. Georghetti did not recover her health, though from time to time she grew sufficiently well for Susette to be able to attend school for some weeks; when, just as she would get thoroughly interested in her work—studying as well as she could and making fine progress—her mother would be so much worse that school-duties would have to be given up, and she would go back to nursing and housekeeping.

It really was trying to her patience to have to give up her studies, for she was eager to learn all she could and made the best use of her opportunities. At home, when her

mother could spare her from immediate work, she always took every spare moment to study, sometimes even when she was so tired that she could hardly keep her eyes open.

Then she tried to teach Florence; and Pedro, as he grew old enough, also had to be taught his letters. Not having many playthings for him, she begged her father and Carlo to cut out of little pieces of wood all the letters of the alphabet for him to play with: and so she tried, by the aid of showing him the letter, to teach him the name as belonging to it.

She endeavored to be patient when everything went wrong, and sometimes for days she would not be able to open a book—when her mother was so ill that she could hardly leave her long enough to do what work was necessary about their rooms; and found that her most urgent efforts only elicited complaints of how poorly everything was done.

It was a rather trying course of discipline for so young a girl; and she had not yet

reached that height of Christian love and faith that would enable her to feel that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," and that "if ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?"

It was hard always to feel and remember that "he for our profit" chasteneth us, "that we might be partakers of his holiness."

It is a long time before we can acknowledge the Father's hand in the troubles that come to us, and feel that they

> "Not from the ground arise,
> But oftentimes celestial benedictions
> Assume this dark disguise."

It was not always that Susette even tried to be patient; she sometimes was very cross and answered her mother shortly, saying it was hard that she should be scolded when she had done the best she could. Though she often broke the fifth commandment, and did not fully honor her father and mother, she was

always sorry for it, and felt very badly until she had asked their forgiveness. She was not by any means perfect, but was only trying, as all can try, to be God's child; and he helped her, as he helps us all in many more ways than we know.

But a brighter time was dawning for her; there was help at hand—more helping than she could have fancied possible.

Though she had not seen Miss Katie Reynolds—now Mrs. Walter Norton—for two years, she had by no means forgotten her, but looked up to her memory in the same admiring, respectful manner that she had done from the first Sunday she had entered her class; she often talked and thought of the time when Miss Katie should come back, as a general settling-up day of all the doubts and troubles that had disturbed her. Nothing was more common than for her to say,

"Oh, if Miss Katie were only here, I know she could help me; she could tell me what to do, and would tell me when I was

bad, so that I would know I was mighty bad."

At last her wish was gratified; Mrs. Norton came back to Washington, bringing with her her husband and baby, a beautiful little boy about a year old.

Susette's delight was unbounded; she felt as if her greatest wish had suddenly been realized, and she had hardly anything else to ask. Her childish affection had deepened into an admiring devotion, for which she was willing to sacrifice anything.

But instead of having to sacrifice anything to it, it was to be the most pleasant thing in her life, making the greatest returns for the seed sown.

One day, her mother being then remarkably well, they had taken in some sewing to do, and were sitting busily at work. While Florence was cooking the dinner, Susette saw Mrs. Norton coming down the road over which she had come many times since the cold winter day when, with so much reluct-

ance, she had picked her way through the mud of Swampoodle.

Delighted to see her—for the baby took up so much of her time that she was not able to go out often now—Susette ran to the door to meet her before she was in speaking distance.

"I am so glad to see you, Miss Katie," she said, as soon as she came near enough, "and so much obliged to you for coming! How is the dear little baby?"

"He is very well, Susette," Mrs. Norton answered with a smile; "and," she added as she went in the house, "I came to see you to-day on his account. His nurse is going to leave me soon, and I want to know if you will take her place?"

Susette's eyes fairly sparkled with delight; she could not have hoped for anything so pleasant as actually to live in Miss Katie's house and take care of her baby, and she answered immediately,

"Yes indeed I will, Miss Katie, if mam-

ma can manage about sparing me. I will be too glad; nothing would please me better than to be his nurse. What do you think, mamma?"

They talked it over for some time, and finally decided that as Florence was old enough now to be of a good deal of use, though she could not quite fill Susette's place, and as Mrs. Georghetti's violent attacks of illness were fewer and farther between, Susette should take the place Miss Katie so kindly offered her, as she would have a better chance of improving and learning to take care of herself there than at home.

Mrs. Norton, thinking it might be a little difficult for her to obtain dresses suitable for her new position, sent her two dresses for the morning, and a nice plain one for afternoon wear, with all the linings and trimmings, and a few other articles to make her dress suitable.

Susette thought there never was any one like Miss Katie. Poor child! she never had

had such a friend before; and feeling that a new era had come in her life, she started to the house one day, Carlo carrying her box of clothes, that could have been done up in a bundle if it had not looked more respectable, her mother thought, for her to have a trunk.

Miss Katie met her with her usual bright smile of welcome; and sending a servant with Carlo to show him where to put her trunk, she took Susette to the nursery and initiated her in her new duties, telling her that as her only duty was to take care of the baby, all the time she did not give him she could have to herself, to study or sew or do whatever she pleased.

Susette said she would like to study if she could, so Mrs. Norton told her she could have the use of any of the books in the bookcase on the wall; and if she got in any dilemma, she would help her. If she could study now, when she had so much spare time, it would be very well.

Susette's eyes showed that she meant to make the best possible use of her time; and Mrs. Norton gave her the baby, not without certain qualms, such as all mothers experience in giving their darlings into the charge of new and inexperienced nurses. But Susette looked as if she meant to do her best, and Miss Katie trusted her.

She was fond of children, and little Walter was a bright, pleasant baby—so merry that she would have loved him even if he had not been his mother's child.

As she sat rocking him to sleep that evening in front of the little wood-fire built for his sake in the pleasant nursery, she was thinking how nice it was to have plenty of time to read and to be taking care of Miss Katie's lovely little baby; and she rocked away, droning an old Italian lullaby, and thinking that the happy time of her life was coming now, and she would have no more trouble.

But in wondering what she should study

first, Susette rather forgot the more immediate business of putting the child to sleep. She presently found that it would be some time before she could get to her studies if she did not give more thought to the subject in hand; so with an effort she put the thought of all the books staring her in the face out of her mind, and was soon rewarded by seeing the little blue eyes drowsily close; and finally the even breathing told her that she could lay him down in his crib and turn to the much longed-for bookcase.

She was hungry for books and study, and she turned from one to another until she had a good part of the shelves emptied on the table. So Miss Katie found her when half an hour after she came into the room.

On the floor in front of the fire, one book in her right hand reading, another open in her left hand and a quantity strewed around her, Susette sat, so intent that she did not hear Miss Katie enter; and she felt strongly inclined to pinch the baby and make him cry,

to see if this literary little nurse would hear that bugle call.

"I would not read so many books at a time, if I were you, Susette," she said.

The girl started with surprise at any one being in the room, and answered,

"Oh, Miss Katie, excuse me; I did not know you were here. They are all so nice that I did not know where to begin—that is why I took so many. But oh this one is so nice! I never heard anything like it; it is better than all the Sunday-school books I got out of the library."

"What is it?" Mrs. Norton asked, amused at her sweeping criticism of their school-library.

"The Swiss Family Robinson," said Susette, with an enthusiastic glow on her face. "It is just the nicest book!"

"But are you going to take your dessert before you eat your dinner, Susette? That is a bad way. Before you read story-books you should study some. Here is a history

and geography I put there for you, and a spelling-book and arithmetic. Study, before you read only for pleasure, and I will hear your lessons for you whenever I can."

CHAPTER XII.

DIFFICULTIES.

AS the weeks passed over, the little Italian grew familiar with her new duties and learned to perform them very well.

Mrs. Norton noticed at first that she was a little careless about her dress, and did not always keep neat and tidy, but occasionally appeared with rumpled hair and soiled clothes.

Careful not to wound her feelings, she spoke about it in a manner that, though very positive, was still gentle enough for her not to be hurt by it.

She told her that, however plain her dress was, it made no difference, but that she must always keep it clean and her hair smooth and tidily arranged. Cleanliness was next

to godliness, and it was very hard to be good unless you were also clean. You could not respect yourself, and nobody would respect you.

Susette listened attentively to all that Miss Katie said, and promised to try and be more careful about it in future; and, though the poor child had not had very great opportunities of learning to be careful about such matters, when she saw that her dear Miss Katie was so anxious to have her, she tried very hard.

Anything persevered in will finally become a habit, and while Susette was forming this one she was also trying to teach it to her home-family; she tried to make things more orderly there—to instill in Florence some of the good precepts Miss Katie was teaching her.

She would tell them how beautiful everything in the nursery was—how bright the windows were kept, and the floor as clean as sweeping could make it.

"And you don't know how much nicer it makes it look," she would say. "I feel like somebody else all the time, and it makes me so much happier to have things so nice. I believe we could have them a great deal nicer here if we only would try and be clean. Florence, can't you wash the windows, and scrub the floor, and keep everything nice here?"

"Oh, it isn't worth while," Florence would answer. "This old place cannot be made to look like anything—everything is too old and smashed; I wish we had a decent house to live in. I saw such a pretty house the other day when I went out with Carlo—all lovely flowers and things with fishes in them, and birds, and a girl in the window not half so pretty as I am, with ugly red hair and turned-up nose; and I thought it was so mean that she should have all those pretty things and be in a pretty blue dress, while I was out in the street in an old calico dress of yours, not even made over, and nothing pretty

out a monkey and a hand-organ and a tambourine."

"Oh, Florence," Susette said, as soon as she could get in a word, "have you been out with Carlo again? I begged you not to do it. You are too old, and you should not leave mamma so long. I wish you would not do it. Miss Katie says that you ought not to; it is not proper for you to go out with the organ."

"I don't care what your Miss Katie says; I don't suppose she knows everything. Besides, I am not going to do what she says always, I tell you."

"Don't talk so, Florence; it makes me feel badly. Miss Katie has been so kind to us that we ought to do what she says all the time. I think I try to do so, though I do not always succeed."

"Well, then, you'll do for the family. I am not going to try."

These conversations always distressed Susette so much that she went back to Mrs.

Norton's, after doing what she could to make her home cleaner and more comfortable, feeling so unhappy about the way affairs were going on, about Florence, and full of doubts as to whether it was her duty to stay where she was happy and comfortable while all the rest were so wretchedly situated, and her mother too sick often to look after Florence and see that she behaved herself, that she was quite unsettled until after she had talked it over with Miss Katie and told her about her doubts and troubles.

Mrs. Norton usually comforted her—telling her that by staying where she was she was enabled to make the family more comfortable by her wages, and that she was fitting herself for her life by learning to work, so that she could take care of herself when she was thrown on her own resources. If she went back, she could not do very much toward keeping Florence in order, and would lose her own training. Perhaps the thing that would sober her sister most would be

the responsibility of the house on her shoulders.

But that did not always comfort the girl. It troubled her to think that she was neglecting her home-duties for others that were more pleasant. She enjoyed being with Miss Katie so much that she felt that it was wrong for her to stay—that it was unkind to the rest of the family.

Mrs. Norton told her that she did wrong to allow herself to be so disturbed—that it unsettled her mind, made her unfit for work or study, and made her a continual prey to unhappiness.

"You must make up your mind, Susette, which is right, and then persevere in the path you have chosen without any of these harassing doubts."

"I want to do what is best, Miss Katie, but I don't know. I try to find out, and I get so confused. I wish we could be told just what God means us to do."

"We cannot expect that now, Susette. We

must think a matter over with prayer. Pray to him to guide us by the means he uses now, and then judge the best way we can; and when we have decided which path is right for us, then persevere in it as earnestly and faithfully as we can—not worrying ourselves for fear it isn't right, for that weakens us so we cannot work well; but, knowing we have done our best to act rightly, rest contented, and so not waste any energy in useless and harmful regrets."

"But I get so confused, Miss Katie, wanting to do one thing and not wanting to do another much, that I think it is only because I want to do it and not because it is right. If I knew God meant me to do it, that would settle it, but I get to thinking I ought not to do a thing because I want to do it so much."

"God does not mean us to always deny ourselves all things that we want. He could not be such a cruel, unkind God as to give us wishes and desires only to make it our duty to thwart them. That would be incon-

sistent with all our ideas of a kind, loving God, who 'like as a father pitieth his children pitieth them that fear him.' It is only where they are wrong that we are not to gratify them, because *right* being higher than any mere pleasure or comfort, everything else must give way to it. When an action is right, we must not mind how painful it is: we must do it; and if we do not hesitate to do it because it is disagreeable, why should we because it is agreeable? The question we should ask is, Is it right or wrong? and then act strictly according to the answer, without regard to the pleasantness or unpleasantness of it. We pray to be made like Christ, and yet we dread taking up his life and cross; and in no other way can our prayer be realized. There was no easy time in his life that we can have ours like; it was all hard and painful, and we must either give up trying to be like he is, or pick up our cross as he did his and follow him."

CHAPTER XIII.

DISCONTENT.

SUSETTE sat in the nursery early in the morning. She was close by the window, and had a book in one hand and an atlas in her lap. She was making use of every spare moment for her study, for Walter took up a great deal of her time, now that he was beginning to walk around and get into all sorts of mischief. He needed continual watching while he was awake, and so the only time she could get for real good study was while the boy was sleeping.

But instead of lessening her love for her books, it only increased it—made her more eager to make use of what time she had to work in.

By rising very early she would often have

quite a long time to study before the baby woke; and this morning she had been at work for an hour. She was trying alone to wade through the first book in astronomy.

It was a serious undertaking for her, but she was brave and anxious to learn—was daunted by nothing. She had watched the stars night after night with admiring awe, wondering what they were.

They were so beautiful, and so far off that she could never gaze enough at them, and, without understanding the reason why, she felt the peaceful influence they exerted over her, as, after a tiresome day's work or an unusually painful visit at home, she would lean out of the nursery window and watch them in their quiet purity. Yet she read that in God's sight even the stars are not pure.

And she thought what perfection he must require when *they* were not good in his sight.

Watching them in this spirit, she soon felt a strong desire to know more of them—their names and all she could find out.

With wonder she repeated to herself, "He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by name," when the whole heavens would be radiant with their glory; and it seemed to give her a new idea of the heavenly Father, who could call all those millions of bright spots by their name, and yet who still cared for and thought of the least action in her life.

Something of this she told Mrs. Norton, and asked her how she could find out about them.

Miss Katie, who encouraged her to learn everything she wished to, in moderation, and finding that she had a very fine mind, aided as much as she could its development, obtained for her the necessary books and started her in her new study, cautioning her not to give up any of her old ones in eager pursuit of the new.

Susette heeded Miss Katie's warning as well as she could, and did not give up her useful studies for the more ornamental ones, though

astronomy led to mythology, to find out who those people were that the stars were named after; and she often felt strongly tempted to drop the dry arithmetic, over which she worried without any liking, for the more amusing mythology.

But the seed was sown upon good ground; and Miss Katie had told her that she would never accomplish anything, studying alone, unless she adhered as strictly to some order as if she were in school; and she thought Miss Katie of course knew what was right, and must be obeyed.

Affairs had not been going very smoothly with her for several days; she had been growing more and more discontented with her want of success in study; she objected strongly to any work that took her away from her books.

As she learnt and read, she began to think more of the difference between her circumstances and those of others. She saw girls and young ladies come to the house who

were beautifully dressed and seemed to have plenty of money, nothing to do and an easy time in life; and listening to their talking, she seemed to gather that they did nothing, that they never opened a book, and that dressing and visiting constituted the only occupations of their life.

It seemed to her a very unjust division that these girls, some of them no older than she was, should have so many blessings that she did not have—should be so much more fortunate when they were no better, and many of them not so smart.

Why should they have plenty of time and money, and she have none? What had she done that she should be poor when they were rich? They had comfortable, happy homes, and her home was dirty, uncomfortable, wretched; and she had to go out as a servant.

Having let such a thought once enter her heart, it edged itself in crosswise, so that she could not get it out again.

The heart is something like one of those

wire rat-traps with a funnel-shaped entrance. It is easy for bad thoughts to enter, but once in, ah! the difficulty of getting them out again, the barriers that meet in an impassable point and make egress impossible! Death is the only mode of escape from the confinement.

Would it not be well, thinking of this, to be very careful before we give entrance to any thought or feeling that is not fit to dwell in an immortal soul?

As it grew near the time for Walter to wake, her mind began to wander from her books, dreading the interruption that she knew was coming, and with renewed vigor she went over the same old train of thought. Why should her family be so different from Miss Katie's?—why should her life be so crossed, and unlike that of other girls, that she should have to get up so early in the morning, before daylight, to be able to do a little studying before she had to put away her books to take care of the baby?

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"Wake up, precious baby-boy!"

It was right for her to want to study. Miss Katie had said so; why, then, should she have so much trouble in doing what was proper and right. Her path should be made easier.

She had dropped her books upon her lap, and was moodily gazing out of the window, when the door opened and Mrs. Norton came in. She gave Susette a bright "good-morning," and went to Walter's crib just as he opened his eyes.

"Wake up, precious baby-boy," she said, as she stooped over and kissed him, "and see what mamma has for a birth-day present for you. Wake up."

Not more than half awake, he lay with his chubby little hands doubled under his face, lazily looking up into her eyes with a sleepy smile.

"What you say, mamma?" he asked.

"It is the boy's birth-day. What does he think his mamma has for him? Such a funny present!"

"What is it, mamma? I'se so sleepy."

"Guess."

"I can't guess; you tell me. Is it a stick of candy?"

"No. Guess again."

"You tell me. Is it a ball?"

She shook her head.

"Tell me, mamma, tell me. I want to know; what is it? Give it to me, please, dear, good mamma. I'll give you a kiss for it."

That was an appeal she could not resist, and she laid the doll she had been holding behind her upon the bed beside him. He gave a shriek of delight, for he had a most ardent desire to have a doll, though his father had tried in vain to laugh him out of it.

"Not all for me, mamma?" he said, his eyes fairly dancing with delight, while his yellow curls hung about his face. "I'll name it after you—'Little Mamma.'"

She smiled down upon him as only a mother can smile; and he, recognizing the

wondrous mother-love which was life to him, patted her soft round cheek with his little hand, saying,

"Dear mamma! pretty mamma! my own mamma!" and drew her head down upon the bed beside him.

She stayed there for a moment or two, he patting her cheeks and cooing to her, when she was startled by hearing a suppressed sob in the room. Lifting her head, she saw Susette bent down in the window, violently shaking with her sobs. Wondering what could be the matter, she said to Walter,

"Doesn't the boy want to go and see his papa on his birth-day morning?" and, throwing a shawl around him, she took him in her arms, carried him into her bed-room, and, after depositing him in his father's arms, she came back into the nursery, shutting the door after her.

"What is the matter, Susette?" she asked, resting her hand affectionately on the girl's shoulder. "Are you sick?"

Susette made no answer, but sobbed more violently than ever.

"Do not cry so, my dear child. Tell me what is the matter with you. Can't I do something for you?"

But Susette only cried, and could not answer.

Mrs. Norton was perplexed, and hardly knew what to do. She was debating the question with herself, when her husband called to her from the next room:

"Katie! Katie! come here."

She turned to go, saying first,

"I will come back as soon as I can, Susette. Stop crying, so that you can tell me what is the matter. You will make yourself sick if you go on crying in such a way. Do stop it."

"Katie!"

"I am coming, Walter," she answered, and, taking up the baby's basket and clothes to dress him, she left the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.

MRS. NORTON did not have an opportunity to speak with Susette again until after breakfast. She then called her into her room, where she was sitting, telling her to bring in her sewing.

"I wanted to have a little talk with you, Susette. What were you crying for this morning? It distressed me very much to hear and see you."

Susette hesitated a moment before answering, and then said,

"I was very unhappy, Miss Katie."

"Why were you?" she asked, surprised at her answer.

"Because I am poor, and cannot study as much as I want to, and have not got pretty clothes and plenty of money."

"Why, Susette!" Mrs. Norton said, sorrowfully. "It pains me to hear you say such a thing. I thought you had such a happy, contented disposition."

"I used to have," said poor Susette, with a sigh. "I don't know what has become of it, for it is gone."

"What made it go?"

Susette thought a moment and then said, slowly, as if rather ashamed,

"I don't know, Miss Katie, unless it is seeing so many young ladies who are rich and well dressed and have plenty of time and nothing to do in it. It makes me feel cross."

"Doesn't it strike you, Susette, that perhaps it is because your eyes are not directed high enough, that seeing them makes you cross?"

Susette said nothing, but her eyes inquired what Miss Katie meant, and she answered the look by quoting,

"'Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou

that dwellest in the heavens. Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God until that he have mercy upon us.' 'For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.' Do you understand what I mean now, Susette?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think I do."

"If our eyes 'wait upon the Lord,' we shall not have time to use them in breaking the tenth commandment."

"Breaking the tenth commandment, Miss Katie?" Susette asked in surprise.

"'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, *nor anything that is thy neighbor's*,'" Miss Katie said.

"But I didn't think I was coveting."

"You were wishing for that which was not yours, but was another's; that is coveting."

"I was not wishing for their time or money, but for my own."

"Think that over again. Haven't you thought, 'If I only had all the time that such a one has, I would make a better use of it than she does—I would do ever so much?'"

Susette colored slightly, and, after hesitating a moment, said,

"Yes, ma'am, I have thought that, but I did not think of it as coveting. I did not know it was. But, Miss Katie, it does seem very hard that I should not have any of these things that I want, and other people have so many and make no use of them. I can't understand it."

"We are not always expected to understand the ways of the Lord; 'they are past finding out.' We must have faith to trust him, though we cannot see the whys and wherefores."

"I don't see why I should not have these things."

"Do you see why you should have them? If you do, tell me."

Susette thought a moment; then a new idea seemed to strike her.

"Why, no," she said; "I don't suppose there is any reason why I should. I never thought of that. I really do not deserve anything at all."

"We none of us deserve any of the mercies God gives us, Susette—even the best of us. Therefore, it is very ungrateful in us to complain of not having everything we want."

"But I think I deserve them as much as the young ladies that have them."

"You do not know that. If it were best, probably God would give them to you. Perhaps he sees that such things would not be good for you, and so refuses them. We know that he is a good, loving, just and all-seeing God; and if we believe all that, we cannot think he errs. He is good and loving,

therefore we know he will be kind to us. He is just and all-seeing, so we know he will give us what is best. And can't we trust him? When you were a young girl, you seemed to be able to have this faith in our Father. Are you going to lose it now, when you are growing to be a woman and will need it so much?"

"It seemed easy to have it then, Miss Katie, for I only had just to believe so without knowing anything about it, but now it seems so different; so many things come up that they confuse me, and I seem to get lost."

"It is only by 'looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith,' that we can ever keep from getting lost. If we look always to him, we shall need no sight, for he will guide our footsteps and lead us aright. What was it particularly that made you feel so badly this morning?"

"I am ashamed to tell," Susette said, simply.

"You need not be ashamed to tell. If it

was anything wrong, you should be ashamed to think it."

"I don't know if it was wrong. But I had been feeling very unhappy all the morning expecting Wally to wake every minute, so that I should have to put down my books, and coveting all the time these young ladies wasted. Then when you came in looking so rich and happy, with a birth-day present for him, it seemed to be too much for me. I remembered that this was my little brother Pedro's birth-day, too, and no one remembered him or had a present for him, and that we were poor and our house dirty and everything;" and with the remembrance came back another sob, which was speedily swallowed.

"Now, Susette," Miss Katie said, presently, "I am going to talk earnestly to you, and if I say something that seems hard, you must remember that it is because I have been fond of you for a long time, and want to do all I can to make you a useful, happy woman. I

shall commence at the beginning of what you said—that you had been feeling unhappy expecting Wally to wake, so you would have to put down your books. Now, I want you to study, and am pleased when you do. One reason I had you come here was that you could study, and I made arrangements that you should have all the time when you were not taking care of him.

"But he is your first duty, and we should not let one duty interfere with another, even in thought. God has made a plan for each of us; but as we do not know what it is, we must make our own plans; then when interruptions come, we must not grumble and complain; they may be parts of God's great plan breaking in on our lesser ones, and as such must be submitted to, not only in act, but in thought; we must be willing to give up our plans for his."

"Isn't it enough if we give up our way, Miss Katy?"

"No, we must give up our will also, or it is

but half a sacrifice, and be patient when disappointment comes. Then, as to envying those young ladies, do you think they are perfectly happy?"

"Yes, ma'am, I should think they would be; they seem to have everything they want."

"I don't believe one of them is any happier than you are. They, each one, have something that makes them unhappy, and I have heard them all complain of being miserable. No one's life will fit anybody else. If we could change with any one, I believe we would soon be glad to get back our own lot in life. God knows what is good for us, and with an unerring eye and unfaltering hand gives it to us. Can't we take patiently what such a Father gives us, and trust him that, though perhaps difficult to bear, it is right for us or we certainly should not have it?"

"We can try," Susette answered.

"And some one did remember Pedro. I have a suit of clothes for him and some mar-

bles. On my baby's birth-day I wasn't going to forget others."

"No, Miss Katie," Susette interrupted, "you never do forget; you are almost too good to us."

"And, Susette," Mrs. Norton added, in a low voice, "you need not envy me, thinking that I am perfectly happy, for I am not, though I try to appear and feel so. There are some things that riches can't buy. The doctor has told me that my Walter, my beautiful boy, has heart disease, and that he may die any time, and that it will take the greatest care to keep him alive. There are some things, you see, worse than having no money or time. I have been meaning to tell you this for some days, to caution you to be very careful with him."

Susette's eyes were full of tears as she said,

"I did not know that, Miss Katie. Dear little Wally! I am dreadfully sorry that I ever felt impatient about his waking; I don't believe that I will any more; and I hope you

will forgive me for having been so wicked. I will try to have more faith."

"'Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked,'" Miss Katie only had time to add when the boy was heard crying in the next room, and Susette ran to him.

CHAPTER XV.

JOCKO'S DEATH.

SUSETTE went home a few days afterward for a half holiday; she was to have a whole afternoon to spend as she chose, and she meant to have a good time—first going through a regular attack of cleaning the house at home.

She had just finished it, and was sitting down to rest before having her good time, when the door opened and Carlo came in.

It was quite unusual for him to come in this time of day, and they were all surprised to see him.

They were more surprised when they saw that the organ was hanging upon his back. He was carrying Jocko, the monkey, tenderly in his arms, and the tears were running down his cheeks.

"What is the matter, Carlo?" Susette asked, springing up from her seat and going to him.

"They have killed Jocko," he sobbed, "and I had rather they had killed me."

"Killed Jocko!" they all exclaimed, in great grief. "Who killed him?" and they gathered around the boy.

"A horrid great dog killed him as he was going through his pretty tricks;" and the boy's sobs came thicker than ever.

"He isn't quite dead," said Susette, amid the clamor they all raised. "Look! he is breathing and his eyes are open. Perhaps we can save him."

"Oh, see how he is all covered with blood!" said Florence. "How it must hurt him! See, Susette."

"Yes, I see," Susette answered; "I'll try and help him. Get me some warm water in a basin, Florence, and let me wash some of the blood off and make the poor little fellow more comfortable."

Florence ran after the water, while Susette took the little monkey in her arms, and, sitting down in front of the fire, commenced talking to him as if he were a baby, while Carlo, having placed the organ in a corner and thrown his hat on it, dropped down on the floor in front of her and watched the little creature leaning upon his sister's knee.

"I did love him so much, Susette; he was such a dear little fellow. He always slept on my bed, and was so affectionate. Cold winter nights, when I did not have enough cover, I used to wake up and find him snuggled close up to me, trying to keep us both warm. He was the only friend and playmate I had."

Susette moved one hand from the monkey's head to Carlo's, patting him tenderly and smoothing back the hair from his dark forehead.

"Poor Carlo! I am so sorry! Jocko was a dear little fellow. How did it happen?"

"He was 'way out on the end of the string

as far as he could go, and a great wicked dog rushed up, and before he could be stopped had worried him till I thought he was dead. Everybody was so sorry, and they gathered around and made up a purse for me. But I did not care much for the money; I was too unhappy even to kick the dog, for I thought he might be somebody's dog, just as Jocko was my monkey. And to see him lying there, not moving once, made me feel dreadfully. Will he get better, do you think?"

"I don't know," Susette answered; "perhaps he may. But just see what a dreadful place this is, now I have washed away the blood! How it must hurt him! Poor little Jocko! There, now! Hold still; I won't hurt you any more than I can help. It may make you feel better."

She bathed the blood off from his wounds, but that was all she knew how to do. What else could be done to make him feel better? She tried to think, but could not. So she just sat still and held him on her lap by the

fire. The little animal shook and chattered, and sometimes seemed to be suffering very much, to judge from his trembling.

The children all sat around watching him, and talking in low voices about the accident.

"Sister Susette," Pedro said, "is the poor little monkey going to die?"

"Yes, Petty, I am afraid he is. I think the dog must have hurt him very badly, for his little heart is beating so hard, and see how he is trembling all over."

"Does it hurt us to die, sister Susette?"

"I don't know, Pedro," his sister answered, taking the brown, dirty little hand in hers tenderly; "sometimes it doesn't hurt very much; and if we are good and love God we are glad to die, for then he takes us to heaven to live with him."

"Will Jocko go to heaven? He has been a good monkey."

"No, dear, he is only an animal, and has not got a soul. We who have souls go to heaven."

"But what is a soul?"

"It is what God gives us to make us different from animals. It is the part of us that doesn't die. Our bodies will die and be buried, but our souls will never die, but will live on for ever in heaven with our heavenly Father, if we are good."

"And what if we aren't good?"

"Then, instead of being happy in heaven with our Saviour, we shall be miserable with Satan and all other bad people."

"Well, then, we ought to be very good, oughtn't we?"

"Yes, indeed we ought, Pedro, or we shall not be worth as much as poor little Jocko, for if he is as good as he can be, he is better than we are when we are bad."

Jocko seemed to suffer so much that it made the children very sober. Florence, easily impressed and quick to get over impressions, seemed least affected of any of the children. The idea of this dying took strong hold on Pedro, who was watching the little

fellow with earnest eyes, as if he wondered what it was.

But Carlo had neither eyes nor ears for anything but his dying playmate; he bent over him with an anxious face; his forehead wrinkled up into a frown of sorrow when he seemed to suffer much, and smoothed out again when the paroxysm of pain was over.

"He is better, Susette," at last he whispered; "see! he is not trembling so much."

Susette looked down on the two—the boy with his head close to the monkey's on her lap—and she could not keep the tears from springing to her eyes as she said,

"I'm afraid he is not better, Carlo; it seems to me that he is dying; that is the way my cat looked when she was dying. Poor Jocko! poor little fellow!"

Carlo commenced talking to him in a low voice—so low that she could not hear what he said; but the monkey seemed to hear and to understand the familiar sound, for although almost dead, he pricked up his ears, his eyes

brightened, and with a mighty effort he lifted his paw, with the old familiar action, to his forehead to take off his hat and salute; but the hat was not there, the hand dropped empty by his side, and with a long breath, which ended almost in a sigh, he was dead.

Poor Carlo! he looked very unhappy, but he would not cry, though his lips quivered. His little pet, playmate, and almost his only companion, was dead. But he must be manly, so he swallowed his tears and left the room.

After he had been out a few moments, he came back to where they were still sitting, took Jocko out of Susette's lap, and without a word to any one again disappeared.

He carried the little fellow's body with him, but he never would tell any of them where he buried him, and never let them mention his name to him any more.

The death of the monkey cast a gloom over them all for some days, and they almost seemed to feel that they had lost a member of the family.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NEW HOME.

IT was midsummer day, and the happiest Susette had ever passed; and the busiest, too, she thought, as she ran from one place to another in a state of wild excitement, only tempered by having so much hard work to do.

It surely was to her a day to be long remembered, for the family were to leave that poor little hovel in Swampoodle and take possession of a house on Capitol Hill, which, though not very large, was clean and airy, and had quite a little garden around it, where you could see the beautiful white dome of the Capitol.

Susette thought one could not help being made better by having such a grand building always before his eyes; and she was glad that

little Pedro would grow up here, instead of in dirty, horrid Swampoodle, for there nothing was elevating—everything was low and debasing.

But what rendered this midsummer day so particularly a happy one to Susette was that she had managed to save enough money from her wages to buy some new furniture for the house, and it was meant for a surprise for the family, no one besides herself knowing it except Miss Katie, who had helped her to choose it, and had made some very useful additions—her presents.

The new furniture was to be brought to the house the day before the family moved in, and, as Susette wanted to have it all arranged before they came, with Mrs. Norton's consent—who excused her from all her other duties during the day—she was up before the sun and reached the new house by the time the sun reached the dome, and they commenced their day's work together.

She began at the top of the house and

swept and scrubbed down to the bottom, making everything look as bright as a new penny, or at least as nearly so as she could manage to make it.

When she had finished this work, came the delightful task of placing her new purchases. The place of each thing was altered a dozen times before she finally had it arranged to suit her. At last everything was settled to her satisfaction, and then she began to feel impatient for the rest to come.

After waiting a length of time that, though only minutes, seemed to her hours, she saw the cart coming up the street. It came at rather a slow pace, and would never, she thought, arrive at the house.

When finally the family arrived, it was as much as Susette could do to be quiet enough to keep them from suspecting that something was the matter. She restrained her impatience, however, until they were preparing to empty the cart, when she exclaimed: "Come into the house first, and see how clean and

nice it looks. Come in at once, all of you."

They looked at her in astonishment. It was something unusual to see the quiet Susette so much excited, and, impelled by her manner, they followed her into the house.

Then they were surprised to her heart's content, and the next half hour was spent in eager inquiries as to where the new furniture came from, how she had saved so much money, and how she had the things put in the house without their knowing it.

When at last they had gone over the whole house, had seen each piece several times, and had heard its history, individually and collectively, they started to empty the cart.

The poor old horse, left to his own devices, had wandered down the street, dragging the cart after him, having wound the reins around all four of his legs, so that they had to be unbuckled before they could untangle them; he was discovered in front of a house, apparently engaged in trying to find out if

a horse's head was the length of a flour barrel, for he had his head in one, from whence he would raise it every few minutes; and owing to his eyes being below the top of the barrel, he would lose his measurement and have to go over the whole ceremony again.

Without taking any pains to gratify his laudable curiosity, they turned him around and drove back to the house, where the whole family went to work to empty the cart. It was soon done; and Mr. Georghetti and Carlo went off for another load, while the rest busied themselves arranging what was there.

Mrs. Norton had given Susette, as a safeguard, the night before, in view of the moving, the words that St. Paul gave Timothy: "And the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient."

And when she felt tempted to be cross and snappish, when Florence did not do as she told her, or anything else went wrong, she remembered the verse and restrained the

hasty word or impatient act, knowing that she was a servant of the Lord, and that perhaps upon her being a faithful, true, gentle servant depended the gathering of several others into the same heavenly service.

So she determined to be gentle and patient through everything that came, pleasant or otherwise. She kept her resolution bravely all day; and as a little leaven leaveneth the lump, her bright spirits were contagious. Mrs. Georghetti several times was surprised to find herself laughing aloud at something that ordinarily would not have amused her at all, saying,

"I do not know what makes me so light-hearted to-day, unless it is having once more a home of our own alone."

"It is the Capitol, dear mamma," Susette would answer; "it always makes me feel happy. The dome is just like a finger pointing up to heaven to remind us of our heavenly Father and Jesus Christ, and keep us from forgetting to pray to him, and make us

certain that he will always take care of us if we only love him."

"I don't know, Susette, about praying to Jesus. They taught me to pray to the blessed Virgin and the saints, and I always thought that was right. But your new way of thinking seems to make you so happy, and you are so much better a daughter than you used to be, that perhaps it is the right one as you say. I may come to think it is, after a time."

Susette would stop long enough from her work to give her mother a kiss, when both would go back to their labors with renewed vigor.

The day passed quickly, with putting down carpets—a present from Mrs. Norton—hanging up simple white window curtains—also a present, though made by Susette herself in time taken from her study—and arranging the furniture and effects of the family in the most advantageous way.

They worked so well that when the long

summer twilight came, and Susette started for home under Carlo's protection, they had put the whole house in order from top to bottom, and Susette had helped to cook and eat supper.

It was with a very grateful heart that she at last bid them good-bye and started off for home; and what seemed to her the greatest cause for gratitude was what her mother had said to her about being a good daughter, and about her own gradual perception that Christ was "the way."

She had, since she had found "the way" herself, often longed for the rest of her family to find it; but though she had talked to her brothers and sister about the good Jesus who took care of them and loved them, she hardly felt that it was her place to talk much to her father and mother—that it was hardly consistent with the honor and respect that she owed them.

But she noticed from time to time that when she was talking to the children, and

particularly to little Pedro, a smart, bright child, her parents would listen, and occasionally ask a question that showed that they were paying attention to what she was saying; she hoped that if her life could only show that she "loved not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth," they would gradually come to think of her God as their God. So, though she said little outwardly, she prayed deeply and fervently that God would gather them all into his fold.

She had bid them all a very affectionate good-bye, for they were not merely parting for a few days, but for some months.

Little Walter had been sick for some weeks, and the doctors said that he must be taken to the seashore if they wanted him to live. So they were going to start off the next morning, and Susette was to go with them, for Walter was devoted to his gentle, loving nurse, and where they took him they must also take her.

She did not bid Carlo a final farewell, for

he was to come early in the morning to see her off, but as she kissed him good-night the sorrow of her first parting from her family overcame every other feeling, and as she clung around his neck she could not keep down the tears any longer; they would spring up and overflow.

"Come, come, Susette," Carlo said, affectionately, "don't cry. What's the use in being down-hearted when you are going away on such a nice trip? Be more brave."

"I know, Carlo," she answered; "but then my heart fails me to think of leaving all of you behind."

"Well, we are better off than we've ever been. Father is getting on well, and has higher wages; mother is better than she has been for a long time; I am getting a good salary now in my office; Florence has grown more careful and is going to be a good woman, I hope—thanks to you; and we are in a fine new house, where we can live like people. What more can we ask?"

"I am thankful for it all," she said. "Though I may seem ungrateful, I do not feel so, and I can trust Him who has brought us so far on our way. Good-night, dear boy. Take care of them at home, and our kind heavenly Father bless you."

And when, late in the night, having at last finished all the packing and put little Walter to sleep for the third time—he being restless from the heat—she took her favorite seat in the low window-sill to get cool, quiet and rested before going to bed, she repeated to herself what she had told Carlo, that she could *trust*.

It was a glorious summer night; the moon shone brilliantly, flooding everything with its soft light, and, streaming in through the window, made the room bright with its glory.

Susette sat there drinking in the marvelous beauty of the scene as it grew upon her. There was the great dome of the Capitol, a white finger ever silently pointing upward—

in its unchangeable aim ever reproving the nation for seeking other gods save the One whom they should serve.

As she watched it, she thought what an influence it had silently exerted over her life! How, almost unconsciously to herself, it had carried her thoughts heavenward and kept them often from being of the earth, earthy! Particularly on such nights, when it seemed too pure and beautiful to be merely an invention of man, but more like some heavenly visitant sent down for a while to earth.

She went over, in thought, night after night, when, worn out mentally or physically, discontented or anxious, she had sat here watching this same scene, until the peace of it had entered into her soul, carrying rest with it—rest for the body and rest for the heart; and she had at last crept to bed, all the wild tumult of spirit quelled—quiet and peace within, though still exhausted without.

And so, with quieting, peaceful thoughts of

the rest that remaineth to the people of God, of the Spirit of God which was, as "in the beginning," still for ever brooding over the earth and guarding and keeping all the children of men, she watched the slow passing of the hours, marked by the stars in their ceaseless course, and in her heart sang a psalm of love and thanksgiving:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thy sin, who healeth all thy infirmities. Who saveth thy life from destruction and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness. Oh praise the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye servants of his, that do his pleasure."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST.

THREE years have passed over, and brought with them many changes to the two families—some of them for the better; some, in this earthly sense, for the worse.

Twice the angel of death has come among them, each time taking the one that it seemed hardest to spare.

Though the trip to the seashore did little Walter good, it did not cure him, and as winter came on he grew worse rapidly.

It was dreadful to see him suffering as he did; sometimes for days they could not lay him down; day and night they held the little fellow in their arms, one or the other of them, striving continually by some new position to ease his pain.

Through it all he was so patient, so good and loving, so full of charming ways, that he made himself, if possible, more precious than ever to them.

Susette all through his illness was such a devoted, untiring nurse — so ready and anxious to spare others at the expense of herself—that she was invaluable. She had left all the unpolished awkwardness of girlhood behind her; and under Miss Katie's careful training, and still mere careful example, she had ripened into a quiet, graceful Christian woman.

Often when, anxious and uneasy, the two women watched over the sick and dying boy in the midnight, and when the only sound that broke the stillness was his painful breathing and their low-whispered remarks, Mrs. Norton felt more toward Susette as if she were her own sister than a servant. She had guided her studies and formed her mind in the channel she loved best, and found that she was right in her thought that Susette had a strong

mind and character, worthy of the best training that could be given to it.

Better than all was the knowledge that through her instrumentality Susette had become a humble, devoted Christian, serving and loving God truly and fervently.

Often during these long night-watches the bread thrown upon the water returned to her in little verses from the most comfortable words of our Saviour, spoken so softly that no thought of the speaker came to interfere with the full power of the words; they seemed uttered expressly for her, and sank with healing and soothing into her heart.

When the end came it was quiet and gentle as his falling asleep. For a few hours before, all suffering ceased, and he lay in his mother's arms, all the rest gathered around him.

Sometimes he spoke to one or the other of them, but generally his eyes were shut and he seemed unconscious of all that was passing around. At last, when he had not

spoken for some time, except once or twice to say in a faint tone, "Mamma," he opened his eyes, looked up into her face, then looking beyond it—leaving a child's heaven for an immortal's—with a long-drawn breath, he closed his eyes and was gone.

Then Susette took him from his mother's arms, and performing the last duties for the little body she loved so well, she dressed him in white and laid him in his crib, folding over his breast the little hands that had finished their work on earth, straightening the little feet that were never to tread the weary, thorny path of life.

Then she called his mother, and with the whispered comfort that "of such is the kingdom of heaven," she stilled the outburst of grief that was renewed at the sight of his last sleep.

When Susette saw Mrs. Norton in this her first great grief, she realized more fully than ever that he is strong who leaneth on the Lord. It was well she did, for she was soon

called upon to nurse her mother through her last illness, and after her death to comfort her father and the children in their uncontrollable grief.

It was a comfort to her to be able to nurse her mother so well, and to find that all her hopes had come true; and that, inasmuch as she was able, her faith was fixed on the Rock of Ages.

She found that she had been in the habit of reading the Bible with and to Pedro; and that, starting from about the same point, they had talked it over together in a simple, child-like manner.

So, whenever she felt able to hear it, Susette would read to her the most comforting passages, and had the joy of hearing her say, at last, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

It was both the saddest and the happiest time Susette had ever known when her mother, in a feeble voice, would talk to her husband of her new hope, of the joy and rest it was to

her, and how she owed it to their good, dutiful daughter, and beg him to cling to the same cross, that they might meet again.

In the strength of her new life she rose to a degree of patience and endurance, as her old life was ebbing out, that she never had known before, and not a murmur was heard from her lips, no matter how severe her suffering.

After long suffering, relief came to her—the weary limbs ached no more, but were at rest; not, however, before she on her sick bed and her husband in church, with Susette and Carlo by his side, had been made members of Christ's Church on earth, as she was going to join his Church in heaven.

Her last words to Susette, that through the change in her life wrought by her quiet, firm faith in Christ she had saved her mother's soul, were an unceasing comfort to her during the dark days that followed after laying that dear mother—so much dearer during her last illness—in the grave.

Then she was wanted again at Mrs. Norton's to take care of a little Katie a few months old; but, much as she loved her old friend and home, she felt that there were other duties that claimed her attention.

She could not leave her father now. He was so lonely since her mother's death that her first duty, she felt, was to take care of him.

The time had come now when she could carry out a long-cherished dream of hers—which was to have a little school for children from her own Italy, where she could teach them as she had been taught, and show them the way to love God and their country.

She proposed the plan to Mrs. Norton, who took hold of it at once, and was so much pleased with the idea that she furnished the school-room from beginning to end, and endowed the school, as she laughingly said, with a sum that would enable four children, too poor to pay anything, to attend, and furnish them with books.

Then, not being able to get Susette, she took, for her sake, Florence to take care of her baby-daughter, and found her a much more promising nurse than she had expected, and grew quite fond of her in the course of time.

Meanwhile, Susette's school flourishes. A dozen little ones, of various ages, gather around her every day—generally with loving words and looks as they hang about her knees—while she deals out learning to them in doses adapted to their needs. It is usually a very quiet, peaceful little school, and when any disturbance ruffles its calm she gathers the rebellious ones around her knee and tells them how it pains their loving Saviour to have them behave so badly—how sorry and grieved he is.

Seeing the grief reflected in her eyes, their little faces visibly lengthen, whilst with tearful eyes and a repentant voice they promise to try to be better in future, telling them how happy the angels are when any one is

sorry for sin, she sends them off with a kiss to more peaceful work or play.

So, trying to bring up these little ones in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and making their home as pleasant as she can for her father, Carlo and Pedro, who is now a page in the Senate—Mrs. Norton's work, of course—her life is passing on with very few idle, and not many unhappy, moments.

Her work is before her, and with trust in God she goes on and meets it as it comes. If sometimes it seems hard and discouraging; if she, herself, and every one else seem too entirely human, she remembers the verse Miss Katie gave her the day they were moving into their new home, and which has often been thought of since:

"The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient."

This helps her to be victorious over troubles and trials not nearly so great as his who both said and acted it.

All of her family are gathered into the fold but Florence, and she now loves Miss Katie as much as she once disliked her. Susette is sure that her sister cannot long resist the influence of that example set her of the love and faith—"The victory that overcometh the world."

THE END.